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THE STAG'S HORNBOOK

Edited by John McClure

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THE STAG'S HORNBOOK

Edited by

JOHN McCLURE



New York

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THE STAG'S HORNBOOK

"Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day."

King Henry IV. Part I, Act II, Sc. iv.

To
H. L. MENCKEN

There was three kings into the east,
  Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
  John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
  Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
  John Barleycorn was dead.

ROBERT BURNS,

("The Ballad of John Barleycorn.")

THE BARDS WE QUOTE

Whene'er I quote I seldom take
From bards whom angel hosts environ;
But usually some damned rake
  Like Byron.

Of Whittier I think a lot,
My fancy to him often turns;
But when I quote 'tis some such sot
  As Burns.

I'm very fond of Bryant, too,
He brings to me the woodland smelley;
Why should I quote that "village roo,"
  P. Shelley?

I think Felicia Hemans great,
I dote upon Jean Ingelow;
Yet quote from such a reprobate
  As Poe.

To quote from drunkard or from rake
Is not a proper thing to do.
I find the habit hard to break,
  Don't you?

BERT LESTON TAYLOR.

PREFACE

A complete collection of the convivial and merry verse in the English language would doubtless be of interest to scholars: but for most of us it would be insufferably dull. The drinking songs of the eighteenth century alone, when "bottle-companions" were issued by the dozen, would fill a library, and they are mostly of inferior quality. In this book I have made no attempt to compile a complete anthology. Of the old convivial literature I have omitted all save those catches and longer songs which have seemed to me most likely to strike a chord of sympathy in the heart of a modern,—and by no means all of those. The "Stag's Hornbook" is designed as a companion, not an encyclopedia. To all who are interested in the historical aspects of English convivial verse, I can do no better than recommend Hutchison's excellent collection, "Songs of the Vine."

It is with more regret that I have omitted certain verses quite widely admired, which are not disfigured by archaism. But it is not possible to include everything. Lack of space makes it out of the question to include those delightful long poems "Beer" by Charles Stuart Calverley, "The Tippling Philosophers," "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse" by W. M. Thackeray, and "His Farewell to Sack" by Robert Herrick. I have not succeeded in get-

ting sanction to include "The Maltworm's Madrigal" by Mr. Austin Dobson, "Dekker's Song" by Mr. Alfred Noyes, and "Terence, This Is Stupid Stuff" by Mr. A. E. Housman. And, after careful consideration—the size of this volume being necessarily limited—I have omitted from the collection the following standard verses which no doubt many readers of the "Stag's Hornbook" will expect to find: "Andro and His Cutty Gun"; "The Dirge of the Drinker" by W. E. Aytoun; "Gane Is the Day and Mirk's the Night" and "Gude Ale Keeps the Heart Abune" by Robert Burns; "With an Honest Old Friend" by Henry Carey; "The Cruiskeen Lawn"; "The Monks of the Screw" by J. P. Curran; "Rum and Milk" by C. W. Dalmon; "The Stoop of Rhenish" by John Davidson; "The Parting Glass" by Philip Freneau; "The Spirit of Wine" by W. E. Henley; "On Lending a Punchbowl" by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "The Jovial Priest's Confession"; "Give Me the Old" by R. H. Messinger; "The Toper's Apology" by Captain Charles Morris; "Drink to Her," "Fill the Bumper Fair," and "One Bumper at Parting" by Thomas Moore; "O Gude Ale Comes and Gude Ale Goes"; "Old Wine" by W. M. Praed; "Oh, the Days When I Was Young" by Richard Brinsley Sheridan; "When the Chill Charokkoe Blows" "With My Jug in One Hand";—and of course a score of others.

It has seemed advisable, too, not to include in the collection a number of the colloquial toasts and catches now current in the United States. They are mostly to be found in the toast-books in general circulation.

It had been my intention to print in the "Stag's

Hornbook" the best of the deservedly famous Latin and German student-songs, with a sprinkling of French *airs à boire,* but that is for the present impossible.

In the compilation of this volume I have made extensive use of W. G. Hutchison's two anthologies "Lyra Nicotiana" and "Songs of the Vine." I am very much indebted to them both, and to Mr. Wallace Rice's various compilations, particularly "Toasts and Tipple," and to Mr. Wallace Rice himself. I wish here to acknowledge the courtesy of the following authors and publishers who have granted me permission to make use of copyrighted material as indicated: Mr. George Ade ("R-e-m-o-r-s-e"); Mr. Hilaire Belloc ("Sussex Drinking Song"); Sir Robert Bridges ("Crown Winter with Green"); Mr. Gelett Burgess ("I wish that my room had a floor"); Mr. Bliss Carman ("A Thanksgiving," "I came to a roadside dwelling," and "The Joys of the Road" by himself, and the various poems by Richard Hovey which I have reprinted from their "Songs from Vagabondia"); Mr. G. K. Chesterton ("I Come from Castlepatrick," "Feast on Wine or Fast on Water," "Old Noah He Had an Ostrich Farm"); Mr. Austin Dobson ("To Richard Watson Gilder," Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company ("A Grain of Salt," from "Nautical Lays of a Landsman" by Wallace Irwin); Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company ("The Betrothed," "The Ladies," "La Nuit Blanche," "The Story of Uriah," by Rudyard Kipling); Messrs. Paul Elder and Company (eight lines from "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, Jr.," by Wallace Irwin); Messrs. Forbes and Com-

pany ("I Like the New Friends Best" and "If I Should Die tonight" by Ben King, from "Ben King's Verse"); Mr. Gerald Gould ("Wanderthirst"); Mr. Thomas Hardy ("The Ruined Maid," "I said to Love"); Mr. Oliver Herford ("The Bubble Winked," "Here's to Old Adam's Crystal Ale," "God Made Man"); Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company ("Latakia" by T. B. Aldrich, "Beer" and "Youth and Age" by George Arnold, "Good and Bad Luck" by John Hay, "The Three Wives" and "The Family Man" by J. G. Saxe, "In Japan" by E. R. Sill, "Falstaff's Song" by E. C. Stedman, "Dum Vivimus Vigilamus" by C. H. Webb); Mr. Wallace Irwin (eight lines from "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, Jr.," "A Grain of Salt," "From Romany to Rome"); Mr. Tudor Jenks ("An Old Bachelor"); Mr. Rudyard Kipling ("The Bethrothed," "The Ladies," "La Nuit Blanche," "The Story of Uriah"); Mr. S. E. Kiser ("I'd Trust My Husband Anywhere"); Messrs. John Lane Company ("A Outrance," from "The Wind in the Clearing and Other Poems" by Robert Cameron Rogers, "The Apparition," from "Poems" by Stephen Phillips, and "I Come from Castlepatrick," "Feast on Wine or Fast on Water," "Old Noah He Had an Ostrich Farm," by G. K. Chesterton, all from "The Flying Inn"); Mr. Richard LeGallienne ("With Pipe and Book," various stanzas from "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám") Messrs. John W. Luce and Company ("Epitaph" by J. M. Synge); Mr. David McKay ("Breitmann's Rauchlied" and "Wein Geist," from "Hans Breitmann's Ballads" by C. G. Leland);

the Macmillan Company ("Sea Fever" and "Captain Stratton's Fancy," from "Salt Water Poems and Ballads" by John Masefield, and "From Romany to Rome," from "Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers" by Wallace Irwin); Mr. John Joseph McVey ("The Cry of the Dreamer," by J. B. O'Reilly); Mr. Oliver Marble ("The Old Reprobate's Song," "There Was a Young Man"); Mr. E. S. Martin ("Fuit Ilium," "Procul Negotiis"); Mr. John Masefield ("Sea Fever," "Captain Stratton's Fancy"); Mr. Brander Matthews ("Smoke," "A Ballade of Tobacco"); Mr. Thomas Bird Mosher (Payne's translation of the "Ballad of Good Doctrine" by François Villon); G. P. Putnam's Sons ("A Drinking Song," from "Orchard Songs" by Norman Gale); Mr. Wallace Rice ("The Drinker's Commandments," "A Rule of Three," "A Toast to Tobacco Smoke"); Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons ("Rosy Wine" and "In Childhood's Unsuspicious Hours" by W. J. Linton); Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons ("The Snakes," "The Bottle and the Bird," "The Clink of the Ice," and several short extracts from other poems by Eugene Field, "A Mile an' a Bittock" by R. L. Stevenson, "Night and Day" by R. H. Stoddard, "Procul Negotiis" and "Fuit Ilium" by E. S. Martin, from "Poems" by E. S. Martin); Messrs. Small Maynard and Company ("The Joys of the Road" by Bliss Carman, "A Toast," "The Kavanagh," and "Comrades" by Richard Hovey, from "Songs from Vagabondia," "Barney McGee" and "A Stein Song" by Richard Hovey, from "More Songs from Vagabondia," "I came to a roadside dwelling" and "A Thanksgiving" by Bliss Carman,

from "Last Songs from Vagabondia," "Hanover Winter-Song" by Richard Hovey, from "Along the Trail" by Richard Hovey); Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Company ("To Critics" and "The Prime of Life," from "Between Times" by Walter Learned); Mr. Edward Synge ("Epitaph" by J. M. Synge); Mr. Bert Leston Taylor ("The Bards We Quote"); The Wheeler Publishing Company ("New Year's Resolutions" by Eugène Field). It has been my wish to infringe upon the rights of no one in this collection. Certain selections which I have been unable to trace are perhaps copyrighted. In any such case, I beg that my sincere apologies be accepted.

JOHN MCCLURE.

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THE FORTY CLASSICS

SUSSEX DRINKING SONG

They sell good beer at Haslemere
  And under Guildford Hill;
At little Cowfold, as I've been told,
  A beggar may drink his fill.
There is a good brew in Amberley too,
  And by the Bridge also;
But the swipes they take in at the Washington Inn
  Is the very best beer I know.

With my here it goes, there it goes,
  All the fun's before us.
The door's ajar and the barrel is sprung,
The tipple's aboard and the night is young;
I am singing the best song ever was sung,
  And it has a rousing chorus.

If I was what I never can be,
  The Master or the Squire;
If you gave me the rape from here to the sea
  Which is more than I desire:
Then all my crops should be barley and hops,
  And did my harvest fail,
I'd sell every rood of my acres, I would,
  For a bellyful of good ale.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

THE KAVANAGH

A stone jug and a pewter mug,
And a table set for three!
A jug and a mug at every place,
And a biscuit or two with Brie!
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,
And a cheese like crusted foam!
The Kavanagh receives to-night;
McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!
And a health to the one away,
Who drifts down careless Italy,
God's wanderer and estray!
For friends are more than Arno's store
Of garnered charm, and he
Were blither with us here the night
Than Titian bids him be.

Throw ope the window to the stars,
And let the warm night in!
Who knows what revelry in Mars
May rhyme with rouse akin?
Fill up and drain the loving cup
And leave no drop to waste!
The moon looks in to see what's up—
Begad, she'd like a taste!

What odds if Leinster's kingly roll
Be now an idle thing?
The world is his who takes his toll,
A vagrant or a king.

What though the crown be melted down,
And the heir a gipsy roam?
The Kavanagh receives to-night!
McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!
And the moonlight on the floor!
Who were a man to do with less?
What emperor has more?
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,
And three stout hearts to drain
A slanter to the truth in the heart of youth
And the joy of the love of men.

RICHARD HOVEY.

AN OLD BACHELOR

'Twas raw, and chill, and cold outside,
With a boisterous wind untamed,
But I was sitting snug within,
Where my good log-fire flamed;
As my clock ticked,
My cat purred,
And my kettle sang.

I read me a tale of war and love,
Brave knights and their ladies fair;
And I brewed a brew of stiff hot-scotch
To drive away dull care;
As my clock ticked,
My cat purred,
And my kettle sang.

At last the candles sputtered out,
But the embers still were bright,
When I turned my tumbler upside down,
An' bade m'self g'night!
As th' ket'l t-hic-ked,
The clock purred,
And the cat (hic) sang!

TUDOR JENKS.

CORONEMUS NOS ROSIS ANTEQUAM MARCESCANT

Let us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,
With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice!
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
All treasure's uncertain,
Then down with your dust!
In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

We'll sport and be free with Moll, Betty and Dolly,
Have oysters and lobsters to cure Melancholy:
Fish-dinners will make a man spring like a flea,
Dame Venus, love's lady,
Was born of the sea:
With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the sense,
For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

Your most beautiful bride who with garlands is crown'd
And kills with each glance as she treads on the ground,
Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such splendour
That none but the stars
Are thought fit to attend her,
Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sense,
Will be damnably mouldy a hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoil in cares and in fears,
Turn all our tranquillity to sighs and to tears?
Let's eat, drink, and play till the worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain, *Post mortem*
Nulla voluptas.
For health, wealth and beauty, wit, learning and sense,
Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

THOMAS JORDAN.

(Incomplete.)

I'M VERY FOND OF WATER

A New Temperance Song
(Adapted from the Platt Deutsch)

I'm very fond of water,
I drink it noon and night:
Not Rechab's son or daughter
Had therein more delight.

I breakfast on it daily;
And nectar it doth seem,
When once I've mixed it gaily
With sugar and with cream.
But I forgot to mention
That in it first I see
Infused or in suspension,
Good Mocha or Bohea.

Chorus—
I'm very fond of water,
I drink it noon and night;
No mother's son or daughter
Hath therein more delight.

At luncheon, too, I drink it,
And strength it seems to bring:
When really good, I think it
A liquor for a king.
But I forgot to mention—
'Tis best to be sincere—

I use an old invention
That makes it into Beer.
I'm very fond of water, etc.

I drink it, too, at dinner;
I quaff it full and free,
And find, as I'm a sinner,
It does not disagree,
But I forgot to mention—
As thus I drink and dine,
To obviate distension,
I join some Sherry wine.
I'm very fond of water, etc.

And then when dinner's over,
And business far away,
I feel myself in clover,
And sip my *eau sucrée*.
But I forgot to mention—
To give the glass a smack,
I add, with due attention,
Glenlivet or Cognac.
I'm very fond of water, etc.

At last when evening closes,
With something nice to eat,
The best of sleeping doses
In water still I meet.
But I forgot to mention—
I think it not a sin
To cheer the day's declension,
By pouring in some Gin.

I'm very fond of water:
  It ever must delight
Each mother's son or daughter—
  When qualified aright.

LORD NEAVES.

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why I drink,—
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.

DEAN HENRY ALDRICH.

CAPTAIN STRATTON'S FANCY

AIR—"Masefield's Own."

Oh, some are fond of red wine, and some are fond
of white,
And some are all for courting by the pale moon-
light,
But rum alone's the tipple, and the heart's delight
Of the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are fond of Spanish wine, and some are
fond of French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a
wench,
But I'm for right Jamaica till I roll beneath the
bench,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are for the lily, and some are for the
rose,
But I am for the sugar-cane that in Jamaica grows.
For it's that that makes the bonny drink to warm
my copper nose,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are fond of fiddles, and a song well sung,
And some are all for music for to lilt upon the
tongue;
But mouths were made for tankards, and for suck-
ing at the bung,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are fond of dancing, and some are fond
of dice,
And some are all for red lips, and pretty lasses'
eyes;
But a right Jamaica puncheon is a finer prize
To the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some that's good and godly ones they say that
it's a sin,
To troll the jolly bowl around, and let the dollars
spin;
But I'm for toleration, and for drinking at an inn,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are sad and wretched folk that go in
silken suits,
And there's a mort of wicked knaves that live in
good reputes;
So I'm for drinking honestly, and dying in my
boots,
Like an old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

COME, LANDLORD . . .

He that drinketh strong beer
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live
And dies a hearty fellow.
Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it does run over,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
Tomorrow we'll get sober.

He that drinketh small beer
And goes to bed sober
Falls as the leaves do fall
That die in dull October.
Come, etc.

Punch cures the gout,
The colic and phthisic;
So it is to all men
The best of physic.
Come, etc. . . .

He that courts a pretty girl,
And courts her for his pleasure,
Is a knave unless he marries her
Without store or treasure.
Come, etc. . . .

So now let us dance and sing
  And drive away all sorrow,—
For perhaps we may not
  Meet again tomorrow.
    Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl . . .
Old Song.

BACK AND SIDE GO BARE, GO BARE

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I would,
I am so wrapt and throughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, etc.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
  Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
  The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
  Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, Sweetheart, I have taken my part
  Of this jolly good ale and old.

  Back and side go bare, etc.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink
  Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
  Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
  Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
  Whether they be young or old.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
  Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
  Whether it be new or old.

JOHN STILL (?)

EPITAPH FOR JAMES SMITH

Lament him, Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye;
For had ye staid hale weeks awa,
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye press
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on his grass,—
Perhaps he was your father.

ROBERT BURNS.

GUDE E'EN TO YOU, KIMMER

"Gude e'en to you, kimmer,
And how do ye do?"
"Hiccup!" quo' kimmer,
"The better that I'm fou!"

Chorus—

We're a' noddin',
Nid nid noddin',
We're a' noddin'
At our house at hame!

Kate sits i' the neuk,
Suppin' hen-broo;
Deil tak' Kate
And she be na noddin' too!

"How's a' wi' you, kimmer?
And how do you fare?"
"A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair!"

"How's a' wi' you, kimmer?
And how do ye thrive?
How monie bairns hae ye?"
Quo' kimmer, "I hae five."

"Are they a' Johnie's?"
"Eh! atweel na:

Twa o' them were gotten
When Johnie was awa!"

Cats like milk
And dogs like broo;
Lads like lasses weel,
And lasses lads too.

We're a' noddin',
Nid nid noddin',
We're a' noddin'
At our house at hame!

ROBERT BURNS.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN'

Landlady, count the lawin',
The day is near the dawin';
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.
Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti,
Hey tutti, taiti,
Wha's fou now?

Cog, an ye were ay fou,
Cog, an ye were ay fou,
I wad sit an' sing to you,
If ye were ay fou!

Weel may ye a' be!
Ill may ye never see!
God bless the King
And the companie!
Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti,
Hey tutti, taiti,
Wha's fou now?

ROBERT BURNS.

WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na found in Christendie.

Chorus. We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley-bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the King amang us three.

We are na fou, etc., etc.

ROBERT BURNS.

O GOOD ALE, THOU ART MY DARLING

The landlord he looks very big,
With his high cocked hat and his powder'd wig.
Methinks he looks both fair and fat,
But he may thank you and me for that:
For 'tis O good ale, thou art my darling,
And my joy both night and morning.

The brewer brewed thee in his pan,
The tapster draws thee in his can;
Now I with thee will play my part,
And lodge thee next unto my heart.
For 'tis O—

Thou oft hast made my friends my foes,
And often made me pawn my clothes;
But since thou art so nigh my nose,
Come up, my friend,—and down he goes!
For 'tis O good ale—

Old Song.

TODLEN BUTT AND TODLEN BEN

When I've a saxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
Poverty parts good company!
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Couldna my loove come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if her tippony chance to be sma',
We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint stoups at our bed's feet;
And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry:
What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I?
Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay sae good humour'd when weeting your mou;
When sober sae sour, ye'll fight with a flee,
That 'tis a blythe sight to the bairns and me,
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep you come todlen hame.

This Reading from Ramsay's "Miscellany."

POTTEEN, GOOD LUCK TO YE, DEAR

Av I was a monarch in state,
  Like Romulus or Julius Caysar,
With the best of fine victuals to eat,
  And drink like great Nebuchadnezzar,
A rasher of bacon I'd have,
  And potatoes the finest was seen, sir;
And for drink it's no claret I'd crave,
  But a keg of ould Mullin's potteen, sir,
    With the smell of the smoke in it still.

They talk of the Romans of ould,
  Whom they say in their own times was frisky;
But trust me, to keep out the cowld,
  The Romans at home here like whiskey;
Sure, it warms both the head and the heart,
  It's the soul of all readin' and writin';
It teaches both science an' art,
  And disposes for love or for fightin'.
    Ah, potteen, good luck to ye, dear!

CHARLES LEVER.

(From "Charles O'Malley.")

MICKEY FREE'S SONG

It's little for glory I care;
  Sure ambition is only a fable;
I'd as soon be myself as Lord Mayor,
  With lashings of drink on the table.
I like to lie down in the sun,
  And *drame,* when my *faytures* is scorchin'
That when I'm too *ould* for more fun,
  Why, I'll marry a wife with a fortune.

And in winter, with bacon and eggs,
  And a place at the turf-fire basking,
Sip my punch as I roasted my legs,
  Oh, the devil a more I'd be asking!
For I haven't a *janius* for work,—
  It was never the gift of the Bradies,—
But I'd make a most *illigant* Turk,
  For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies.

CHARLES LEVER.

(From "Charles O'Malley.")

THE LADIES

I've taken my fun where I've found it;
  I've rogued an' I've ranged in my time;
I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweet'earts,
  An' four o' the lot was prime.
One was a 'arf-caste widow,
  One was a woman at Prome,
One was the wife of a *jemadar-sais,**
  An' one is a girl at 'ome.

Now I aren't no 'and with the ladies,
  For, takin' 'em all along,
You never can say till you've tried 'em,
  An' then you are like to be wrong.
There's times when you'll think that you mightn't,
  There's times when you'll think that you might;
But the things you will learn from the Yellow and
      Brown,
  They'll 'elp you an 'eap with the White!

I was a young un at 'Oogli,
  Shy as a girl to begin;
Aggie de Castrer she made me,
  An' Aggie was clever as sin;
Older than me, but my first un—
  More like a mother she were—
Showed me the way to promotion an' pay,
  An' I learned about women from 'er.

* Head-groom.

Then I was ordered to Burma,
  Actin' in charge o' Bazar,
An' I got me a tiddy live 'eathen
  Through buyin' supplies off 'er pa.
Funny an' yellow an' faithful—
  Doll in a teacup she were,
But we lived on the square like a true-married pair,
  An' I learned about women from 'er.

Then we was shifted to Neemuch
  (Or I might ha' been keepin' 'er now),
An' I took with a shiny she-devil,
  The wife of a nigger at Mhow;
'Taught me the gipsy-folks' *bolee* *;
  Kind o' volcano she were,
For she knifed me one night 'cause I wished she
    was white,
  An' I learned about women from 'er.

Then I come 'ome in the trooper,
  'Long of a kid o' sixteen—
Girl from a convent at Meerut,
  The straightest I ever 'ave seen.
Love at first sight was 'er trouble,
  She didn't know what it were;
An' I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked her too much,
  But—I learned about women from 'er!

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
  An' now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you 'ave known o' the others
  The less you will settle to one;

* Slang.

An' the end of it's sittin' an' thinkin',
  An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see;
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not),
  An' learn about women from me!

What did the colonel's lady think?
  Nobody ever knew.
Somebody asked the sergeant's wife,
  An' she told 'em true.
When you get to a man in the case,
  They're like as a row of pins—
For the colonel's lady an' Judy O'Grady
  Are sisters under their skins!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

SONG

Some say women are like the sea,
  Some the waves and some the rocks,
Some the rose that soon decays,
  Some the weather, some the cocks;
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compared so well,
As wine, wine, women and wine,
    They run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
  So is wine, so is wine,
They make the statesman lose his skill,
  The soldier, lawyer, and divine;
They put a gigg in the gravest skull,
And send their wits to gather wool;
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
    They run in a parallel.

What is't makes your face so pale,
  What is't that makes your looks divine,
What makes your courage rise and fall?
  Is it not women, is it not wine?
Whence proceed the inflaming doses
That set fire to your noses?
From wine, wine, women and wine,
    They run in a parallel.

This reading from Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany."

THE RUINED MAID

"O 'Melia, my dear, this does everything crown!
Who could have supposed I should meet you in Town?
And whence such fair garments, such prosper-i-ty?"—
"O didn't you know I'd been ruined?" said she.

—"You left us in tatters, without shoes or socks,
Tired of digging potatoes, and spudding up docks;
And now you've gay bracelets and bright feathers three!"—
"Yes: that's how we dress when we're ruined," said she.

—"At home in the barton you said 'thee' and 'thou,'
And 'thik oon,' and 'theäs oon!' and 't'other'; but now
Your talking quite fits 'ee for high compa-ny!"—
"Some polish is gained with one's ruin," said she.

—"Your hands were like paws then, your face blue and bleak,
But now I'm bewitched by your delicate cheek,
And your little gloves fit as on any la-dy!"—
"We never do work when we're ruined," said she.

—"You used to call home-life a hag-ridden dream,
And you'd sigh, and you'd sock; but at present you seem
To know not of megrims or melanchol-ly!"
"True. There's an advantage in ruin," said she.

—"I wish I had feathers, a fine sweeping gown,
And a delicate face, and could strut about
Town!"—
"My dear—a raw country girl, such as you be,
Isn't equal to that. You ain't ruined," said she.

THOMAS HARDY.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

THE AGE OF WISDOM

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
  That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin,—
  Wait till you come to Forty-Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
  Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes,—
  Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
  Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
  Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
  All good fellows whose beards are grey,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
  Ever a month was passed away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
  The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
  Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

OLD TIME AND I

Old Time and I the other night
  Had a carouse together;
The wine was golden warm and bright—
  Ay! just like summer weather.
Quoth I, "There's Christmas come again,
  And I no farthing richer."
Time answered, "Ah! the old, old strain,—
  I prithee pass the pitcher.

"Why measure all your good in gold?
  No rope of sand is weaker;
'Tis hard to get, 'tis hard to hold—
  Come, lad, fill up your beaker.
Hast thou not found true friends more true,
  And loving ones more loving?"
I could but say, "A few—a few—
  So keep the liquor moving."

"Hast thou not seen the prosperous knave
  Come down a precious thumper,
His cheats disclosed?" "I have—I have!"
  "Well, surely that's a bumper."
"Nay, hold awhile. I've seen the just
  Find all their hopes grow dimmer."
"They will hope on, and strive, and trust
  And conquer!" "That's a brimmer!"

"'Tis not because to-day is dark,
  No brighter days before 'em;
There's rest for every storm-tossed bark."
  "So be it! Pass the jorum!

Yet I must own I would not mind
To be a little richer."
"Labor and wait, and you may find—
Hallo! an empty pitcher."

MARK LEMON.

BRANDY AND SODA

Mine eyes to mine eyelids cling thickly,
My tongue feels a mouthful and more,
My senses are sluggish and sickly,
To live and to breathe is a bore;
My head weighs a ton and a quarter
By pains and by pangs ever split,
Which manifold washings with water
Relieve not a bit.

My longings of thirst are unlawful,
And vain to console or control;
The aroma of coffee is awful,
Repulsive the sight of the roll;
I take my matutinal journal
And strive my dull wits to engage,
But cannot endure the infernal
Sharp crack of its page.

What bad luck my soul had bedeviled,
What demon of spleen and of spite,
That I rashly went forth and I revelled
In riotous living last night?
Had the fumes of the goblet no odor
That well might repulse or restrain?
O insidious brandy and soda,
Our Lady of Pain!

I recall with a flush and a flutter
That orgy whose end is unknown;
Did they bear me to bed on a shutter,
Or did I reel home all alone?

Was I frequent in screams and in screeches?
  Did I swear with a forced affright?
Did I perpetrate numerous speeches?
  Did I get in a fight?

Of the secrets I treasure and prize most
  Did I empty my bacchanal breast?
Did I buttonhole men I despise most,
  And frown upon those I like best?
Did I play the low farmer and flunky
  With people I always ignore?
Did I caracole round like a monkey?
  Did I sit on the floor?

O longing no research may satiate—
  No aim to exhume what is hid!
For falsehood were vain to expatiate
  On deeds more depraved than I did;
And though friendly faith I would flout not,
  On this it were rash to rely,
Since the friends who beheld me, I doubt not,
  Were drunker than I.

Thou hast lured me to passionate pastime,
  Dread goddess, whose smile is a snare!
Yet I swear thou hast tempted me the last time—
  I swear it; I mean what I swear!
And thy beaker shall always forebode a
  Disgust 'twere not wise to disdain,
O luxurious brandy and soda,
  Our Lady of Pain!

HUGH HOWARD.

MY OLD COMPLAINT (ITS CAUSE AND CURE)

I'm sadly afraid of my Old Complaint—
  Dying of thirst.—Not a drop have I drunk
For more than an hour: 'Tis too long to wait.
  Wonderful how my spirits have sunk!
    Provocation enough it is for a saint,
    To suffer so much from my Old Complaint!

What is it like, my Old Complaint?
  I'll tell you anon, since you wish to know.
It troubles me now, but it troubled me first
  When I was a youngster, years ago!
    Bubble-and-squeak is the image quaint
    Of what it is like, my Old Complaint!

The Herring in a very few minutes, we're told,
  Loses his life, ta'en out of the sea;
Rob me of wine, and you'll behold
  Just the same thing happen to me.
    Thirst makes the poor little Herring so faint;—
    Thirst is the cause of my Old Complaint.

The bibulous Salmon is ill content,
  Unless he batheth his jowl in brine:
And so, my spirits are quickly spent
  Unless I dip *my* muzzle in Wine!
    Myself in the jolly old Salmon I paint:—
    Wine is the cure of my Old Complaint!
      Give me full bottles and no restraint
      And little you'll hear of my Old Complaint.

I never indulge in fanciful stuff,
Or idly prate, if my flagon be full;
Give me good Claret, and give me enough,
And then my spirits are never dull.
Give me good Claret and no Constraint;
And I soon get rid of my Old Complaint.
Herring and Salmon my friends will acquaint
With the Cause and the Cure of my Old Complaint!

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

(From "The Flitch of Bacon.")

BEER

Here
With my beer
I sit,
While golden moments flit.
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by;
And, as they fly,
I,
Being dry,
Sit idly sipping here
My beer.

Oh, finer far
Than fame or riches are
The graceful smoke-wreaths of this cigar!
Why
Should I
Weep, wail, or sigh?
What if luck has passed me by?
What if my hopes are dead,
My pleasures fled?
Have I not still
My fill
Of right good cheer,—
Cigars and beer?

Go, whining youth,
Forsooth!
Go, weep and wail,
Sigh and grow pale,

Weave melancholy rhymes
On the old times,
Whose joys like shadowy ghosts appear,—
But leave me to my beer!

Gold is dross,
Love is loss;
So, if I gulp my sorrows down,
Or see them drown
In foamy draughts of old nut-brown,
Then do I wear the crown
Without a cross!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

DUM VIVIMUS VIGILAMUS

Turn out more ale, turn up the light;
I will not go to bed to-night.
Of all the foes that man should dread
The first and worst one is a bed.
Friends I have had both old and young,
And ale we drank and songs we sung:
Enough you know when this is said,
That, one and all,—they died in bed.
  In bed they died and I'll not go
  Where all my friends have perished so.
  Go you who glad would buried be,
  But not to-night a bed for me.

For me to-night no bed prepare,
But set me out my oaken chair.
And bid no other guests beside
The ghosts that shall around me glide;
In curling smoke-wreaths I shall see
A fair and gentle company.
Though silent all, rare revellers they,
Who leave you not till break of day.
  Go you who would not daylight see,
  But not to-night a bed for me:
  For I've been born and I've been wed—
  All of man's peril comes of bed.

And I'll not seek—whate'er befall—
Him who unbidden comes to all.
A grewsome guest, a lean-jawed wight—
God send he do not come to-night!

But if he do, to claim his own,
He shall not find me lying prone;
But blithely, bravely sitting up,
And raising high the stirrup-cup.
Then if you find a pipe unfilled,
An empty chair, the brown ale spilled;
Well may you know, though naught be said,
That I've been borne away to bed.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG

Sing! Who sings
To her who weareth a hundred rings?
Ah, who is this lady fine?
The Vine, boys, the Vine!
The mother of mighty Wine.
A roamer is she
O'er wall and tree
And sometimes very good company.

Drink! Who drinks
To her who blusheth and never thinks?
Ah, who is this maid of thine?
The Grape, boys, the Grape!
O, never let her escape
Until she be turned to Wine!
For better is she
Than vine can be,
And very, very good company!

Dream!—Who dreams
Of the God that governs a thousand streams?
Ah, who is this Spirit fine?
'Tis Wine, boys, 'tis Wine!
God Bacchus, a friend of mine.
O better is he
Than grape or tree
And the best of all good company.

"Barry Cornwall." (Bryan W. Procter.)

FALSTAFF'S SONG

Where's he that died o' Wednesday?
  What place on earth hath he?
A tailor's yard beneath, I wot,
  Where worms approaching be;
For the wight that died o' Wednesday,
  Just laid the light below,
Is dead as the varlet turned to clay
  A score of years ago.

Where's he that died o' Sabba' day?
  Good Lord, I'd not be he!
The best of days is foul enough
  From this world's fare to flee;
And the saint that died o' Sabba' day,
  With his grave-turf yet to grow,
Is dead as the sinner brought to pray
  A hundred years ago.

Where's he that died o' yesterday?
  What better chance hath he
To clink the can and toss the pot
  When this night's junkets be?
For the lad that died o' yesterday
  Is just as dead—ho! ho!—
As the whoreson knave men laid away
  A thousand years ago.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THREE MEN OF GOTHAM

Seamen three! What men be ye?
Gotham's three wise men we be.
Whither in your bowl so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine.—
And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou so fast adrift?
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on board we will thee lift.
No: I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree,
In a bowl Care may not be—
In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
No: in charmed bowl we swim.
What the charm that floats the bowl?
Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine.—
And your ballast is old wine.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

IF I WERE KING

If I were king, my pipe should be premier.
The skies of time and chance are seldom clear,
We would inform them all with bland blue weather.
Delight alone would need to shed a tear,
For dream and deed should war no more together.

Art should aspire, yet ugliness be dear;
Beauty, the shaft, should speed with wit for feather;
And love, sweet love, should never fall to sere,
If I were king.

But politics should find no harbour near;
The Philistine should fear to slip his tether;
Tobacco should be duty free, and beer;
In fact, in room of this, the age of leather,
An age of gold all radiant should appear,
If I were king.

1877. W. E. HENLEY.

R-E-M-O-R-S-E

The cocktail is a pleasant drink,
It's mild and harmless, I don't think.
When you've had one, you call for two,
And then you don't care what you do.
Last night I hoisted twenty-three
Of these arrangements into me;
My wealth increased, I swelled with pride;
I was pickled, primed and ossified.
R-E-M-O-R-S-E!
Those dry martinis did the work for me;
Last night at twelve I felt immense;
To-day I feel like thirty cents.
At four I sought my whirling bed,
At eight I woke with such a head!
It is no time for mirth or laughter—
The cold, grey dawn of the morning after.

If ever I want to sign the pledge,
It's the morning after I've had an edge;
When I've been full of the oil of joy
And fancied I was a sporty boy.
This world was one kaleidoscope
Of purple bliss, transcendent hope.
But now I'm feeling mighty blue—
Three cheers for the W. C. T. U.!
R-E-M-O-R-S-E!
The water wagon is the place for me;
I think that somewhere in the game,
I wept and told my maiden name.

My eyes are bleared, my coppers hot;
I try to eat, but I can not;
It is no time for mirth or laughter—
The cold, grey dawn of the morning after.

GEORGE ADE.

THE PORT OF REFUGE

Out of the grog-shop, I've stepped in the street.
Road, what's the matter? you're loose on your feet;
Staggering, swaggering, reeling about,
Road, you're in liquor, past question or doubt.

Gas-lamps, be quiet—stand up, if you please.
What the deuce ails you? you're weak in the knees:
Some on your heads—in the gutter, some sunk—
Gas-lamps, I see it, you're all of you drunk.

Angels and ministers! look at the moon—
Shining up there like a paper balloon,
Winking like mad at me: Moon, I'm afraid—
Now I'm convinced—Oh! you tipsy old jade.

Here's a phenomenon: look at the stars—
Jupiter, Ceres, Uranus and Mars,
Dancing quadrilles, capered, shuffled, and hopped.
Heavenly bodies! this ought to be stopped.

Down come the houses! each drunk as a king—
Can't say I fancy much this sort of thing;
Inside the bar, it was safe and all right,
I shall go back there, and stop for the night.

R. Von Mühler.
Trans. by R. B. Brough.

THE THREE PIGEONS

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain
With grammar and nonsense and learning,
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives *genus* a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes and Stygians,
Their *qui's* and their *quae's* and their *quods*,
They're all but a parcel of pigeons!
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll!

When Methodist preachers come down,
A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown
They always preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll!

Then, come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever!
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons,
But of all the gay birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons!
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll!

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(From "She Stoops to Conquer.")

OLD NOAH

Old Noah, he had an ostrich farm, and fowls on the greatest scale;
He ate his egg with a ladle in an egg-cup big as a pail,
And the soup he took was Elephant Soup and the fish he took was Whale;
But they all were small to the cellar he took when he set out to sail;
And Noah, he often said to his wife when he sat down to dine,
"I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine."

The cataract of the cliff of heaven fell blinding off the brink,
As if it would wash the stars away as suds go down a sink,
The seven heavens came roaring down for the throats of hell to drink,
And Noah, he cocked his eye and said, "It looks like rain, I think,
The water has drowned the Matterhorn as deep as a Mendip mine,
But I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine."

But Noah he sinned, and we have sinned; on tipsy feet we trod,
Till a great big black teetotaller was sent to us for a rod,

And you can't get wine at a P. S. A. or chapel or
Eisteddfód;
For the Curse of Water has come again because
of the wrath of God,
And water is on the Bishop's board and the Higher
Thinker's shrine,
But I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't
get into the wine.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

(The Captain's song in "The Flying Inn.")

FEAST ON WINE OR FAST ON WATER

Feast on wine or fast on water,
And your honor shall stand sure;
God Almighty's son and daughter,
He the valiant, she the pure.
If an angel out of heaven
Brings you other things to drink,
Thank him for his kind intentions,
Go and pour them down the sink.

Tea is like the East he grows in,
A great yellow Mandarin,
With urbanity of manner,
And unconsciousness of sin;
All the women, like a harem,
At his pig-tail troop along,
And, like all the East he grows in,
He is Poison when he's strong.

Tea, although an Oriental,
Is a gentleman at least;
Cocoa is a cad and coward,
Cocoa is a vulgar beast;
Cocoa is a dull, disloyal,
Lying, crawling cad and clown,
And may very well be grateful
To the fool that takes him down.

As for all the windy waters,
They were rained like trumpets down,
When good drink had been dishonoured
By the tipplers of the town.

When red wine had brought red ruin,
And the death-dance of our times,
Heaven sent us Soda Water
As a torment for our crimes.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

(From "The Flying Inn.")

STANZAS TO AN INTOXICATED FLY

It's a singular fact that whenever I order
My goblet of Guinness or bumper of Bass,
Out of ten or a dozen that sport round the border,
Some fly turns a somersault into my glass.

Ah, believe me, fond fly, 'tis excessively sinful,
This habit which knocks even blue-bottles up;
Just remember what Cassio, on getting a skinful,
Remark'd about every inordinate cup.

Pray where is your home, and O, how will you get there,
And what will your wife and your family think?
Pray, now, shall you venture to show the whole set there
That paterfamilias is given to drink?

O think of the moment when conscience returning
Shall put the brief pleasures of Bacchus to flight;
When the tongue shall be parch'd and the brow shall be burning,
And most of to-morrow shall taste of to-night.

For the toast shall be tough and the tea shall be bitter,
And even through breakfast this thought shall intrude:
That a little pale brandy and seltzer were fitter
For such an occasion than animal food.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

WASSAIL SONG

Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran,
Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no gain:
But bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale;
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones,
But bring us in good ale, for that go'th down at once:
And bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat,
But bring us in good ale, and give us enough of that:
And bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no mutton, for that is often lean,
Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom clean:
But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no eggs, for there are many shells,
But bring us in good ale, and give us nothing else:
And bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no butter, for therein are many hairs,
Nor bring us in no pig's flesh, for that will make us bears:
But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no puddings, for therein is all God's good,
Nor bring us in no venison, for that is not for our blood:
But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear,
Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber in the mere:
But bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale,
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale.

ANONYMOUS, *Tudor Period.*

THE JOLLY TOPER

The Women all tell me, I'm false to my Lass;
That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my Glass!
But to you, Men of Reason, my reasons I'll own;
And if you don't like them, why, let them alone!

Although I have left her, the truth I'll declare!
I believe she was good; and am sure she was fair:
But goodness and charms in a Bumper I see,
That make it as good and as charming as she!

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own!
But though she could smile; yet, in truth, she could frown:
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine!
Did you e'er see a frown in a Bumper of Wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime;
Yet lilies and roses are conquered by time!
But in Wine, from its age such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better, the older it grows!

They tell me, my love would in time have been cloyed;
And that beauty's insipid, when once 'tis enjoyed:
But in Wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I!

Let Murders, and Battles, and History prove
The mischiefs that wait upon Rivals in Love:

But in drinking, thank Heaven! no Rival contends:
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends!

We shorten our days, when with Love we engage;
It brings on diseases, and hastens old age:
But Wine, from grim Death can its votaries save;
And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the grave!

Perhaps, like her Sex, ever false to their word,
She had left me, to get an estate, or a Lord:
But my Bumper, regarding no titles nor pelf,
Will stand by me, while I can't stand by myself!

She too might have poisoned the joy of my life
With nurses and babies, with squalling and strife,
But wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,
And a jolly big bottle's a mighty good thing.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain!
She's rid of her Lover; and I, of my pain!
For in Wine, mighty Wine! many comforts I spy!
Should you doubt what I say, take a Bumper and try!

From "Clio and Euterpe."

BACCHUS MUST NOW HIS POWER RESIGN

Bacchus must now his power resign,
I am the only god of wine:
It is not fit the wretch should be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine,
Stock it with nothing else but wine;
Let wine its only produce be;
Let wine be earth and air and sea—
And let that wine be all for me!

Let other mortals vainly wear
A tedious life in anxious care;
Let the ambitious toil and think,
Let states and empires swim or sink—
My sole ambition is to drink!

HENRY CAREY (?).

THE JUG

Four drunken maidens came from the Isle of Wight,
Drunk from Monday morning till Saturday night;
When Saturday night came, they would not go out,
And the four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.

Old Song.

LITTLE BROWN JUG

Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee?

If I had a cow that gave such milk
I'd dress her in the finest silk,
Feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her forty times a day!

(Incomplete.)

SONG OF A FALLEN ANGEL OVER A BOWL OF RUM-PUNCH

Heap on more coal there,
And keep the glass moving,
The frost nips my nose,
Though my heart glows with loving.
Here's the dear creature,
No skylights—a bumper;
He who leaves heeltaps
I vote him a mumper.
With hey cow rumble O,
Whack! populorum,
Merrily, merry men,
Push round the jorum.

What are Heaven's pleasures
  That so very sweet are?
Singing from psalters,
  In long or short metre.
Planked on a wet cloud
  Without any breeches,
Just like the Celtic,
  Met to make speeches.
    With hey cow rumble O, etc.

Wide is the difference,
  My own boosing bullies,
Here the round punch-bowl
  Heaped to the full is.
Then if some wise one
  Thinks that up "yonder"
Is pleasant as we are,
  Why——he's in a blunder.
    With hey cow rumble O, etc.

JOHN WILSON.

"I hate a drunken rogue." SIR TOBY BELCH.

Says the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah,
  "I am drier, Obadiah, I am drier,
    I am drier."
Says the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah,
  "I'm on fire, Obadiah, I'm on fire,
    I'm on fire."

A DRINKING SONG

Faces prim and starched and yellow
Ne'er would meet us in the street,
If with Bacchus, rare old fellow,
Folks would quaff the vintage sweet!
Round is he, and glowing scarlet
Shines upon his ample face;
Each who shirks his toast's a varlet
Fit for only frills and lace!
Here's a cup to luck,
Here's a cup to folly!
Here's a butt to drown the slut,
Tearful Melancholy!

If the skein of life be twisted,
Bacchus can the knot untie;
If Dame Fortune grow close-fisted
Bacchus knows to win her eye.
Oh, his mellow laugh and lusty,
And his nimble train of winks
Could unfreeze the desert-dusty,
Moping, monumental Sphinx!
Here's a cup to luck,
Here's a cup to folly!
Tap a butt to souse the slut,
Damp old Melancholy!

Would you sue to white-throat Rosa
Clink a glass with Bacchus first;
If it chance the maiden shows a
Black face, home and drown the worst!

What? a wench with wine to meddle?
Many will, though many pout;—
Love's a tinker—let him peddle
While we roar the flagon out!
Here's a cup to luck,
Here's a cup to folly!
Here's a butt to drench the slut,
Puling Melancholy!

NORMAN R. GALE.

THE CLINK OF THE ICE

Notably fond of music, I dote on a sweeter tone
Than ever the harp has uttered or ever the lute has known:
When I wake at five in the morning with a feeling in my head
Suggestive of mild excesses before I retired to bed;
When a small but fierce volcano vexes me sore inside,
And my throat and mouth are furred with a fur that seemeth a buffalo hide,
How gracious those dews of solace that over my senses fall
At the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy brings up the hall!

Oh, is it the gaudy ballet, with features I cannot name,
That kindles in virile bosoms that slow but devouring flame?

Or is it the midnight supper, eaten before we retire,
That presently by combustion setteth us all afire?
Or is it the cheery magnum,—nay, I'll not chide the cup
That makes the meekest mortal anxious to whoop things up:
Yet, what the cause soever, relief comes when we call,—
Relief with that rapturous clinkety-clink that clinketh alike for all.

I've dreamt of the fiery furnace that was one vast bulk of flame,
And that I was Abednego a-wallowing in that same;
And I've dreamt I was a crater, possessed of a mad desire
To vomit molten lava, and to snort big gobs of fire;
I've dreamt I was Roman candles and rockets that fizzed and screamed,—
In short, I have dreamt the cussedest dream that ever a human dreamed:
But all the red-hot fancies were scattered quick as a wink
When the spirit within that pitcher went clinking its clinkety-clink.

May blessings be showered upon the man who first devised this drink
That happens along at five a. m. with its rapturous clinkety-clink!

I never have felt the cooling flood go sizzling down
my throat
But what I vowed to hymn a hymn to that clinkety-
clink devote;
So now, in the prime of my manhood, I polish
this lyric gem
For the uses of all good fellows who are thirsty at
five a. m.,
But especially for those fellows who have known
the pleasing thrall
Of the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy
brings up the hall.

EUGENE FIELD.

OLD NOAH'S INVENTION

We read that old Noah, soon after the flood,
Found out a new liquor to quicken the blood:
Of water grown tired in his long navigation,
He hit on the process of vinification.
It doesn't appear that he took out a patent,
But the wondrous discovery wasn't long latent;
For Noah, though such might not be his intention,
Got drunk on this very stupendous invention.

And ever since then we have evidence ample,
Mankind has been following Noah's example:
Sometimes they get drunk, and sometimes they do
not;
But the business of drinking is seldom forgot.

They drink when they're merry, they drink when they're sad;
They drink whensoever good drink 's to be had.
What marriage or christening would meet with attention
If you didn't still practice this wondrous invention?

The Wine-Cup may Poetry claim as a daughter,
Though a poet or two have been drinkers of water:
Good wine to the wise is a swift winged steed,
While abstainers in general come little speed.
Would Homer or Horace have written a line
Without plenty of Greek and Falernian wine?
What were North without Ambrose? or who would e'er mention
A Socratic repast without Noah's invention?

Old Plato, the prince of political sages,
For the uses of drinking his credit engages:
When pleasure invites, if you'd learn self-denial,
A convivial meeting will serve as a trial.
Should you wish to find out if a man's a good fellow,
His virtues and faults will appear when he's mellow:
To whatever good gifts he may e'er make pretension,
The truth you can test by old Noah's invention.

Some folks would persuade us from drink to abstain,
For they trace every crime to that terrible bane;

But if drinking's a sin, yet I cannot help thinking
Mankind have had sins independent of drinking,
And their lives were no better—in fact, they were worse;
The Antediluvians were free from that curse,
And at least you can't prove any moral declension
Since the date when old Noah made known his invention.

Then wisely partake of the generous juice,
But don't forfeit the boon by excess or abuse;
At your board let the Muses and Graces be found,
And the light-hearted Virtues still hover around.
And let this, I beseech you, be one of your rules:
Never show any folly in presence of fools;
For the wise man alone has a due comprehension,
And can make a right use, of old Noah's invention.

GEORGE LORD NEAVES.

Come, ye jovial souls, don't over the bowl be sleeping,
Nor let the grog go round like a cripple creeping,
If your cares come up, in the liquor sink it,
Pass along the lush,—I'm the boy can drink it.—
Isn't that so, Mrs. Mary Callaghan?
Isn't that so, Mrs. Mary Callaghan?

CHARLES LEVER.

(From "Charles O'Malley.")

LA NUIT BLANCHE

A Much-Discerning Public hold
The Singer generally sings
Of personal and private things,
And prints and sells his past for gold.

Whatever I may here disclaim,
The very clever folk I sing to
Will most indubitably cling to
Their pet delusion just the same.

I had seen, as dawn was breaking
And I staggered to my rest,
Tari Devi softly shaking
From the Cart Road to the crest.
I had seen the spurs of Jakko
Heave and quiver, swell and sink.
Was it Earthquake or tobacco,
Day of Doom or Night of Drink?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning
I observed a camel crawl,
Laws of gravitation scorning,
On the ceiling and the wall;
Then I watched a fender walking,
And I heard gray leeches sing,
And a red-hot monkey talking
Did not seem the proper thing.

Then a creature, skinned and crimson,
Ran about the floor and cried,

And they said I had the "jims" on,
  And they dosed me with bromide,
And they locked me in my bedroom—
  Me and one wee Blood Red Mouse—
Though I said: "To give my head room
  You had best unroof the house."

But my words were all unheeded,
  Though I told the grave M. D.
That the treatment really needed
  Was a dip in open sea
That was lapping just below me,
  Smooth as silver, white as snow,
And it took three men to throw me,
  When I found I could not go.

Half the night I watch the Heavens
  Fizz like '81 champagne—
Fly to sixes and to sevens,
  Wheel and thunder back again;
And when all was peace and order
  Save one planet nailed askew,
Much I wept because my warder
  Would not let me set it true.

After frenzied hours of waiting,
  When the Earth and Skies were dumb,
Pealed an awful voice dictating
  An interminable sum,
Changing to a tangled story—
  "What she said you said I said—"
Till the Moon arose in glory,
  And I found her . . . in my head;

Then a Face came, blind and weeping,
And it couldn't wipe Its eyes,
And It muttered I was keeping
Back the moonlight from the skies;
So I patted It for pity,
But It whistled shrill with wrath,
And a huge black Devil City
Poured its peoples on my path.

So I fled with steps uncertain
On a thousand year long race,
But the bellying of the curtain
Kept me always in one place;
While the tumult rose and maddened
To the roar of Earth on fire,
Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened
To a whisper tense as wire.

In intolerable stillness
Rose one little, little star,
And it chuckled at my illness,
And it mocked me from afar;
And its brethren came and eyed me,
Called the Universe to aid,
Till I lay, with naught to hide me,
'Neath the Scorn of All Things Made.

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid,
Broke the solemn, pitying Day,
And I knew my pains were ended,
And I turned and tried to pray;
But my speech was shattered wholly,
And I wept as children weep,

Till the dawn-wind, softly, slowly,
Brought to burning eyelids sleep.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE BOTTLE AND THE BIRD

Once on a time a friend of mine prevailed on me to go
To see the dazzling splendours of a sinful ballet show;
And after we had revelled in the saltatory sights,
We sought a neighbouring *café* for more tangible delights.
When I demanded of my friend what viands he preferred,
He quoth: "A large cold bottle, and a small hot bird."

Fool that I was, I did not know what anguish hidden lies
Within the morceau that allures the nostrils and the eyes!
There is a glorious candour in an honest quart of wine,
A certain inspiration which I cannot well define!
How it bubbles, how it sparkles, how its gurgling seemed to say:
"Come! on a tide of rapture let me float your soul away!"
But the crispy, steaming mouthful that is spread upon your plate,—

How it discounts human sapience and satirizes fate!
You wouldn't think a thing so small could cause the pains and aches
That certainly accrue to him that of that thing partakes;
To me, at least, (a guileless wight!) it never once occurred
What horror was encompassed in that small hot bird.

Oh; what a head I had on me when I awoke next day,
And what a firm conviction of intestinal decay!
What seas of mineral water and of bromide I applied
To quench those fierce volcanic fires that rioted inside!
And, oh, the thousand solemn, awful vows I plighted then
Never to tax my system with a small hot bird again.

The doctor seemed to doubt that birds could worry people so,
But, bless him! since I ate the bird, I guess I ought to know!
The aciduous condition of my stomach, so he said,
Bespoke a vinous irritant that amplified my head,
And, ergo, the causation of the thing, as he inferred,
Was the large cold bottle,—*not* the small hot bird.

Of course, I know it wasn't, and I'm sure you'll say I'm right
If ever it has been your wont to train around at night.
How sweet is retrospection when one's heart is bathed in wine,
And before its balmy breath how do the ills of life decline!
How the gracious juices drown what griefs would vex a mortal breast,
And float the flattered soul into the port of dreamless rest!

But you, O noxious, pigmy bird! whether it be you fly,
Or paddle in the stagnant pools that sweltering, festering lie,
I curse you and your evil kind for that you do me wrong,
Engendering poisons that corrupt my petted muse of song.
Go, get thee hence! and never more discomfit me and mine,
I fain would barter all thy brood for one sweet draught of wine!

So hither come, O sportive youth! when fades the telltale day,—
Come hither, with your fillets and your wreaths of posies gay;
We shall unloose the fragrant seas of seething, frothing wine
Which now the cobwebbed glass and envious wire and corks confine,

And midst the pleasing revelry the praises shall
be heard
Of the large cold bottle,—*not* the small hot bird.

EUGENE FIELD.

(From the "Second Book of Verse.")

"O the drinkers, those that are a-dry, O poor thirsty souls!"—RABELAIS.

"If I could get up as well as I can swallow down, I had been long ere now very high in the air."—RABELAIS.

DRINK OF THIS CUP

Drink of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top
of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To Immortals themselves, you must drain every
drop of it.
Send round the cup—for Oh! there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter formed with such power
To charm and bewilder, as this we are quaffing;
Its magic began, when, in Autumn's rich hour,
As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There, having by Nature's enchantment been filled
With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distilled,
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together.
Then drink of this cup, etc.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
Like cauldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
Yet—'tis not less potent for being unlawful.
What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—
Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work too its charm, though now lawless and hidden.
So drink of the cup—for Oh! there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

THOMAS MOORE.

CROWN WINTER WITH GREEN

Crown Winter with green,
And give him good drink
To physic his spleen
Or ever he think.

His mouth to the bowl,
His feet to the fire;
And let him, good soul,
No comfort desire.

So merry he be,
I bid him abide:
And merry be we
This good Yuletide.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

Wine, O wine,
O juice divine!
How dost thou the nowle refine!

JOHN LYLY.

"What, said Gargantua, to drink so soon after sleep? This is not to live according to the diet and prescript rule of the physicians. . . .

"Oh, well physicked, said the monk; a hundred devils leap into my body, if there be not more old drunkards than old physicians!"—RABELAIS.

JOLLY NOSE

Jolly nose! the bright rubies that garnish thy tip
  Are dug from the mines of Canary;
And to keep up their lustre I moisten my lip
  With hogsheads of claret and sherry.

Jolly nose! he who sees thee across a broad glass
  Beholds thee in all thy perfection;
And to the pale snout of a temperate ass
  Entertains the profoundest objection.

For a big-bellied glass is the palette I use,
  And the choicest of wine is my colour;
And I find that my nose takes the mellowest hues
  The fuller I fill it—the fuller!

Jolly nose! there are fools who say drink hurts the sight;
  Such dullards know nothing about it.
'Tis better, with wine, to extinguish the light,
  Than live always in darkness without it!

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

The bubble winked at me and said:
"I wonder if you'll miss me, brother, when you're dead."

OLIVER HERFORD.

ON A FLY DRINKING OUT OF HIS CUP

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I.
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

WILLIAM OLDYS.

A RULE OF THREE

There is a rule to drink,
I think—
A Rule of Three
That you'll agree
With me
Cannot be beat
And tends our lives to sweeten:
Drink ere you eat,
And while you eat,
And after you have eaten.

WALLACE RICE.

THE DRINKER'S COMMANDMENTS

These ten commandments you'll observe
If drink you'd master, and not serve.

I

First, study where to draw the line:
If eight will answer, why take nine?

II

Of your day's being learn the state:
Sometimes three go as far as eight.

III

Dilute your liquor always; or
Your stomach has to go to war.

IV

Sit down and take your time; for know
The only pleasure 's drinking so.

V

Talk, jest, and laugh: in this way pass
The merry fumes of many a glass.

VI

Eat frequently; with spells of food
Three times the drink can be withstood.

VII

When your head reels, then stop at once,
Or else you'll be both sick and dunce.

VIII

Stay up till calm; you'll feel next day
Much better than the other way.

IX

Avoid hold-overs: there's a road
May bring your back too heavy a load.

X

And, if with drinking you must brawl,
For love of Man, don't drink at all!

Experience, bought with years and pain,
In these brief maxims speaks again.

WALLACE RICE.

Make me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious soul;
Vast as my thirst is, let it have
Depth enough to be my grave,
I mean the grave of all my care,
For I design to bury it there.

JOHN OLDHAM.

INISHOWEN

I care not a fig for a flagon of flip,
  Or a whistling can of rumbo;
But my tongue through whiskey-punch will slip
  As nimble as Hurlothrumbo.
So put the spirits on the board,
  And give the lemons a squeezer,
And we'll mix a jorum, by the Lord!
  That will make your worship sneeze, sir.

The French, no doubt, are famous souls,
  I love them for their brandy;
In rum and sweet tobacco-rolls
  Jamaica men are handy.
The big-breeched Dutch in juniper gin,
  I own, are very knowing;
But are rum, gin, brandy worth a pin
  Compared with Inishowen?

Though here with a lord 'tis folly and fine
  To tumble down Lachryma Christi,
And over a skin of Italy's wine
  To get a little misty;
Yet not the blood of the Bordeaux grape,
  The finest grape-juice going,
Nor clammy Constantia, the pride of the Cape,
  Prefer I to Inishowen.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE OLD REPROBATE'S SONG

When I was young I'd capacity,
  At which I've lived to wonder;
No matter how long or hard the spree,
  I'd drink still more, by thunder!
No matter what it chanced to be
  That made my friends feel frisky,
Madeira, flip, or sangaree—
  I'd go top off on whiskey!

I'd drink all day and drink all night,
  The morn and evening after—
I often did—and in despite
  Arose betimes with laughter;
My stomach like a cask was sound,
  My head loved stormy weather;
Drink by the quart, food by the pound,
  I'd take for months together.

I can't drink now as I did then;
  But still I like a snifter.
No glass I've seen, no matter when,
  But my elbow bent to lift her.
My furrowed brow is what you see,
  My top with snow is sprinkled—
And it's O for my old capacity,
  Unfrosted and unwrinkled!

And now I'm old perhaps I ought
  To sorrow for such vices,
But I love to think I held as naught
  Such alcoholic crises.

My constitution unimpaired,
I sit here slyly blinking,
And chuckling o'er how once they stared
At how much I once was drinking.

OLIVER MARBLE.

'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious.

BYRON.

THE SNAKES

These are the snakes that Rowdy saw:
Some were green and some were white,
Some were black as the spawn of night;
Some were yellow;
And one big fellow
Had monstrous blotches of angry red,
And a scarlet welt on his slimy head;
And other snakes that Rowdy saw
Were of every hue
From pink to blue,
And the longer he looked the bigger they grew!

An old he-snake with a frowzy head
Was one of the snakes that Rowdy saw.
This old he-snake he grinned and leered
When he saw that Rowdy was afeard;

And he ran out his tongue in frightful wise
As he batted his fireless dead-fish eyes;
And he lashed his tail
In the moonlight pale,
And he tickled his jaw with his left hind paw—
Did this old he-snake that Rowdy saw!

These hideous snakes that Rowdy saw
Wriggled and twisted
Wherever they listed,
Straightway glided
Or ambled one-sided.
There were some of those things
That had fiery wings—
Yes, some of the snakes that Rowdy saw
Hummed round in the air
With their eyeballs aglare
And their whiskers aflare;
And they hissed their approval of Rowdy's despair!

And some of the snakes that Rowdy saw
Had talons like bats,
And looked like a cross between buzzards and rats!
They crawled from his boots, and they sprawled on the floor;
They sat on the mantel, and perched on the door,
And grinned all the fiercer the louder he swore!

Out, out of his boots
Came the damnable brutes—
These murdersome snakes that Rowdy saw!

Strange cries they uttered,
And poison they sputtered
As they crawled or they fluttered.
This way and that
Their venom they spat,
Till Rowdy had doubts as to where he was at.

They twined round his legs, and encircled his waist;
His arms and his neck and his breast they embraced;
They hissed in his ears, and they spat in his eyes,
And with their foul breaths interrupted his cries.
Blue serpents and green,
Red, yellow, and black
Of as hideous mien
As ever was seen,
Girt him round, fore and back,
And higgling
And wriggling,
With their slimy and grimy preponderance they bore
Rowdy down to the floor. He remembers no more.

The sequel is this: The snakes that he saw
Were such hideous snakes, were such torturesome things,
With their poison-tipped fangs and their devil-claw wings,
That he speaks of them now with a meaningful awe;

And when in the bar-room the bottle goes round,
And wassail and laughter and "boodle" abound,
Poor Rowdy he turns down his glass with a sigh.
"Come, Rowdy, drink hearty!" the aldermen cry.
His palate is yearning, his fauces are dry,
The bottle appeals to his gullet and eye;
But he thinks of the snakes, and—he lets it go by.

EUGENE FIELD.

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN!

Fill the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow that now gladdens my heart to its core;
Let us drink!—who would not?—since through life's varied round
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have basked in the beam of a dark rolling eye;
I have loved!—who has not?—but what heart can declare,
That pleasure existed whilst passion was there?

In the bright days of youth, when the heart's in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends!—who has not?—but what tongue will avow
That friends, rosy wine, are so faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange;
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam,—thou never canst change;
Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on earth what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous—who's not?—thou hast no such alloy;
For the more that enjoy thee, the more they enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find—do we not?—in the flow of the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was opened on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left—was she not?—but the goblet we kiss,
And care not for Hope who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own;
We must die—who shall not?—may our sins be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven!

LORD BYRON.

SIR TOBY

As Sir Toby reel'd home, with his skin full of wine,
To his house in ——— Square, from his friends at the Vine,
He snuffed the fresh air, and his noddle turned round:
He staggered,—but gained not an inch of his ground.
"Get home!" quoth the knight: "why this ne'er can do,
If for one step gained forward, I *backward* reel two.
I'll return to the Vine."—So, as one may suppose,
Sir Toby intended to follow his nose.
But this retrograde knight ne'er alter'd his pace,
And gaining ground *backwards*, found out the right place.
The sot's mathematicks at last did prevail,
And Sir Toby steer'd home by the help of his tail.

From Oldys' Collection of Epigrams.

"Fetch me Ben Jonson's skull, and fill't with sack,
Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly sisters pledged and did agree
It was no sin to be as drunk as he!"

AN EPITAPH

While life was mine, the little hour
  In drinking still unvaried flew;
I drank as earth imbibes the shower,
  Or as the rainbow drinks the dew,
As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
  Or flushing sun inhales the sea;
Silenus trembled at my cup,
  And Bacchus was out-done by me.

THOMAS MOORE.
(After the Greek.)

ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING

With Slight Alterations by a Teetotaller.

Come! fill a fresh bumper, for why should we go

logwood
While the nectar still reddens our cups as they flow.

decoction
Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,

dye-stuff
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.

half-ripened apples
The purple globe clusters their life dews have bled;

taste *sugar of lead*
How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they
shed;

rank poisons *wines!!!*
For summer's last roses lie hid in the wines

stable-boys *smoking*
That were garner'd by maidens who laughed

long-nines
through the vines.

scowl *howl* *scoff* *sneer*
Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer,

strychnine and whisky and ratsbane and beer
For all the good wine, and we've some of it here

In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,

Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!
Long live the gay servant that laughs at us all.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"SHALLOW. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

BARDOLPH. Yes, sir, in a pottle-pot.

SHALLOW. By God's liggens, I thank thee."—*King Henry IV*, Part II, Act V, Sc. iii.

DRINKING SONG OF MUNICH

Sweet Iser! were thy sunny realm
  And flowery gardens mine,
Thy waters I would shade with elm
  To prop the tender vine;
My golden flagons I would fill
With rosy draughts from every hill;
  And under every myrtle bower
My gay companions should prolong
The laugh, the revel, and the song
  To many an idle hour.

Like rivers crimsoned with the beam
  Of yonder planet bright,
Our balmy cups should ever stream
  Profusion of delight;
No care should touch the mellow heart,
And sad or sober none depart;
  For wine can triumph over woe,
And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
Could build in Iser's sunny bowers
  A paradise below.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Fill the bumper fair!
  Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
  Smoothes away a wrinkle.

THOMAS MOORE.

DAY AND NIGHT

Day and night my thoughts incline
To the blandishments of wine:
Jars were made to drain, I think,
Wine, I know, was made to drink.

When I die (the day be far!)
Should the potters make a jar
Out of this poor clay of mine,
Let the jar be filled with wine!

R. H. STODDARD.

"Ah well, my friend, I have seen many a pleasant party round a table, but never round a pump."

IN JAPAN

At the punch-bowl's brink,
Let the thirsty think
What they say in old Japan:

First the man takes a drink;
Then the drink takes a drink;
Then the drink takes the man.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

"Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?"—*King Henry IV*, Part II, Act. II, Sc. ii.

ROSY WINE

My Mistress' frowns are hard to bear,
And yet I will not quite despair;
Nor think, because her lips I leave,
There's nothing for me but to grieve.
—The goblet's lip awaiteth mine:
My grief I quench in rosy wine.

Dame Fortune too has faithless gone:
But let her go! I will not moan.
Draw in your chair, old Friend! and see
What rating Fortune has from me.
Clink yet again your glass with mine,—
To Fortune's health, in rosy wine!

Pass, Fortune! pass, thou fickle jade!
One fortunately constant maid
Smiles on me yet; though loves depart,
Her presence gladdeneth my heart,
Thy tendrils cling, O loving Vine!
My griefs I quench in rosy wine.

W. J. Linton.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his saul beyont the moon.

Allan Ramsay.

WEIN GEIST

I stoompled oud ov a dafern,
  Berauscht mit a gallon of wein,
Und I rooshed along de strassen,
  Like a derriple Eberschwein.

Und like a lordly boar-big,
  I doomplet de soper folk;
Und I trowed a shtone droo a shdreed lamp,
  Und bot' of de classes I proke.

Und a gal vent roonin' bast me,
  Like a vild coose on de vings,
Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin',
  Und giss her like efery dings.

Und denn mit an board und a parell,
  I blay de horse-viddle a biece,
Dill de neighbours shkreem "deat'!" und
    "murder!"
  Und holler aloudt "bolice!"

Und vhen der crim night waechter
  Says all of dis foon moost shtop,
I oop mit mein oomberella,
  Und schlog him ober de kop.

I leaf him like tead on de bavemend,
  Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,
Dill moonlighd und tisdand musik
  Pring me roundt to my soul again.

Und I sits all oonder de linden,
De hearts-leaf linden dree;
Und I dink of de quick gevanisht lofe
Dat vent like de vind from me.
Und I voonders in mein dipsyhood,
If a damsel or dream vas she!

"HANS BREITMANN."
(CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.)

(Incomplete.)

"A man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine."

INVOCATION

Bottle, whose Mysterious Deep
Does ten thousand Secrets keep,
With attentive Ear I wait;
Ease my mind, and speak my Fate.
Soul of Joy! Like Bacchus, we
More than India gain by thee.
Truths unborn thy Juice reveals,
Which Futurity conceals.
Antidote to Frauds and Lies,
Wine, that mounts up to the Skies,
May thy Father Noah's Brood
Like him drown, but in thy Flood.
Speak, so may the Liquid Mine
Of Rubies, or of Diamonds shine.

Bottle, whose Mysterious Deep
Does ten thousand Secrets keep,
With attentive Ear I wait;
Ease my Mind, and speak my Fate.
FRANÇOIS RABELAIS.

From the RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

II

Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

III

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

V

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

VI

And David's lips are locked; but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to' incarnadine.

XXI

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
TO-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears:
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

LIV

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

LV

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

LVI

For "IS" and "IS-NOT" though with Rule and Line
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

LVIII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel-Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

LIX

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

LX

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the mis-believing and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

LXI

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

LXXIV

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare;
TO-MORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

LXXV

I tell you this—When started from the Goal
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
Of Heav'n Parwín and Mushtarí they flung,
In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul.

LXXVI

The Vine had struck a fibre: which about
If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout;
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LXXVII

And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
One Flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

XCV

And much as Wine has played the Infidel,
And robbed me of my Robe of Honour,—Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

Translation of EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Within this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.

THOMAS MOORE.

From the RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

Poor homeless men that have no other home,
Unto the wine-shop early are we come,
  Since darkling dawn have we been waiting here,
Waiting and waiting for the day to come.

For some have love, some gold, and some have fame,
But we have nothing, least of all a name,
  Nothing but wine, yet ah! how much to say,
Nothing but wine—yet happy all the same . . .

The wine-cup is a wistful magic glass,
Wherein all day old faces smile and pass,
  Dead lips press ours upon its scented brim,
Old voices whisper many a sweet "alas!" . . .

There are no sorrows wine cannot allay,
There are no sins wine cannot wash away,
  There are no riddles wine knows not to read,
There are no debts wine is too poor to pay . . .

Sunday is good for drinking, Monday too,
Nor yet on Tuesday put the wine from you,
  Wednesday drink deep, Thursday nor Friday fail—
On Saturday is nothing else to do.

The sixtieth cup makes me so wise with wine,
A thousand riddles clear as crystal shine,
  And much I wonder what it can have been
That used to puzzle this poor head of mine.

Yet with the morn, the wine-deserted brain
Sees all its riddles trooping back again;
Say, am I sober when I see nought clear?
And am I drunk when I see all things plain?

Translation of RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Drink up
Your cup,
But not spill Wine;
For if you
Do,
'Tis an ill sign.

ROBERT HERRICK.

MYNHEER VAN DUNCK

Mynheer Van Dunck, though he never was drunk,
Sipped brandy and water gayly;
And he quenched his thirst
With two quarts of the first
To a pint of the latter daily,
Singing, "O that a Dutchman's draught could be
As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee!"

Water, well mingled with spirits good store,
No Hollander dreams of scorning;

But of water alone he drinks no more
Than a rose supplies
When a dew-drop lies
On its bloom in a summer's morning.
For a Dutchman's draught should potent be,
Though deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

Now fill your glasses ane an' a'
And drink the toast I gie ye, O,
"To merry chiels and lasses braw,
And every joy be wi' ye, O."
Fair fa' the whiskey, O,
Fair fa' the whiskey, O,
What wad a drouthy body do,
If 'twere nae for the whiskey, O?

D. HENDERSON.

PLANTATION DRINKING SONG

De ladies in de parlour,
Hey, come a rollin' down!
A-drinkin' tea an' coffee,
Good-mornin', ladies all!

De gemmen in de kitchen,
Hey come a rollin' down!
A-drinkin' brandy toddy,
Good-mornin', ladies all!

THE SWALLOWS

(The Prince of Wales came into Brooke's one day, and complained of cold, but after drinking three glasses of brandy and water, said he felt comfortable.)

The prince came in and said 'twas cold,
  Then put to his head the rummer,
Till *swallow* after *swallow* came,
  When he pronounced it summer.

R. Brinsley Sheridan.

Here's to a temperance supper,
  With water in glasses tall,
And coffee and tea to end with—
  And me not there at all.

THE EMPTY BOTTLE

Ah, liberty! how like thou art
  To this large bottle lying here,
Which yesterday from foreign mart,
  Came filled with potent English beer!

A touch of steel—a hand—a gush—
  A pop that sounded far and near—

A wild emotion—liquid rush—
And I had drunk that English beer!

And what remains?—An empty shell!
A lifeless form both sad and queer,
A temple where no god doth dwell—
The simple memory of beer!

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sand unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through
And sparkles far more brightly?

PRINCETON TOAST

I wish I had a barrel of rum
And sugar three hundred pound,
With the chapel bell to put it in
And the clapper to stir it 'round.
I'd drink to the health of Nassau, boys,
And the girls both far and near,
For I'm a rambling rake of poverty,
And a son of a Gambolier.

God made man
    Frail as a bubble,
God made Love,
    Love made trouble.
God made the Vine,
    Was it any sin
That man made wine
    To drown trouble in?

OLIVER HERFORD.

WHY NOT?

There was a young man who said: "Why
Can't I drink this good wine with my eye?
    It is now on my clothes,
    In my hair, up my nose—
Well, you never can tell till you try."

ANONYMOUS.

Good friends, when Care assails a man
    To vex his soul and body,
I think it much the wisest plan
    To drown it—in a toddy!

BÉRANGER.

Translated by SAXE.

Which is the properest day to drink—
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?
Each is the properest day, I think,
Why should I name but one day?

ARNE.

When that Saint George hadde sleyne ye draggon,
He sate him down furninst a flaggon;
And, wit ye well,
Within a spell
He hadde a bien plaisaunt jagge on.

Take the glass away:—
I know I hadn't oughter:—
I'll take a pledge—I will—
I never will drink water.

FRENCH.

A small glass, and thirsty!
Be sure never ask it:
Man might as well serve up
His soup in a basket.

LEIGH HUNT.

Fill up the bowl, upon my soul,
Your troubles you'll forget, sir,
If it takes more, fill twenty score,
Till you have drowned regret, sir.

ALFRED BREUN.

THE MERRY MEN

The wise men they were seven,
I wish they were more for me,
The muses they were nine,
The worthies three times three:
And three merry boys and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we.
An Old Catch, from "Merry Drollery." 1691.

To HENRY McCULLOUGH

If ever I go singing a song
  I pray that I may sing
Not quite too cheerlessly of life
  And love and everything.

And if ever I go printing a book
  I pray that it may be
A book of gentle, merry songs
  To cheer my friends and me.

JOHN McCLURE.

HEY, CA' THRO'

We hae tales to tell
  An' we hae sangs to sing;
We hae pennies to spend,
  An' we hae pints to bring.

Hey, Ca' thro', ca' thro',
  For we hae mickle ado;
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
  For we hae mickle ado.

ROBERT BURNS.

"Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of goodfellowship come to you!"—FALSTAFF.

LARRY O'TOOLE

You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole;
  He had but one eye,
  To ogle ye by—
Oh, murther, but that was a jew'l!
      A fool
He made of de girls, did O'Toole.

'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,
That tuck down pataties and mail;
He never would shrink
From any sthrong dhrink,
Was it whiskey or Drogheda ale;
I'm bail
This Larry would swallow a pail.

Oh, many a night at the bowl,
With Larry I've sot cheek by jowl;
He's gone to his rest,
Where there's dhrink of the best,
And so let us give his old sowl
A howl,
For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

A CREDO

I

For the sole edification
Of this decent congregation,
Goodly people, by your grant
I will sing a holy chant—
I will sing a holy chant.
If the ditty sound but oddly,
'Twas a father, wise and godly,
Sang it so long ago—
Then sing as Martin Luther sang,
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:
"Who loves not wine, woman and song,
He is a fool his whole life long!"

II

He, by custom patriarchal,
Loved to see the beaker sparkle;
And he thought the wine improved,
Tasted by the lips he loved—
  By the kindly lips he loved.
Friends, I wish this custom pious
Duly were observed by us,
  To combine love, song, wine,
And sing as Martin Luther sang,
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:
"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long!"

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

(After the German.)

A TOAST

Here's a health to thee, Roberts,
  And here's a health to me;
And here's to all the pretty girls
  From Denver to the sea!

Here's to mine and here's to thine!
  Now's the time to clink it!
Here's a flagon of old wine,
  And here we are to drink it.

Wine that maketh glad the heart
  Of the bully boy!
Here's the toast that we love most
  "Love and song and joy!"

Song that is the flower of love,
  And joy that is the fruit!
Here's the love of woman, lad,
  And here's our love to boot!

You and I are far too wise
  Not to fill our glasses.
Here's to me and here's to thee,
  And here's to all the lasses!

RICHARD HOVEY.

"Indeed, quoth Pantagruel, thou art a gentle companion."

"*Sir Toby.* Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir Andrew. An you love me, let's do 't: I am a dog at a catch."—*Twelfth Night,* Act. II, Sc. iii.

THE TALE OF LORD LOVELL

Lord Lovell he stood at his own front door,
  Seeking the hole for his key;
His hat was wrecked, and his trousers bore
  A rent across either knee,
When down came the beauteous Lady Jane
  In fair white draperie.

"Oh, where have you been, Lord Lovell?" she said,
"Oh, where have you been?" said she;
"I have not closed an eye in bed,
And the clock has just struck three,
Who has been standing you on your head
In the ash-barrel, pardie?"

"I am not drunk, Lad' Shane," he said:
"And so late it cannot be;
The clock struck one as I enterèd—
I heard it two times, or three;
It must be the salmon on which I fed
Has been too many for me."

"Go tell your tale, Lord Lovell," she said,
"To the maritime cavalree,
To your grandmother of the hoary head—
To any one but me:
The door is not used to be opened
With a cigarette for a key."

ANONYMOUS.

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—*Twelfth Night,* Act II, Sc. iii.

"The gravest beast is an ass; the gravest bird is an owl; the gravest fish is an oyster; and the gravest man a fool."

JOE MILLER.

NOT A SOU HAD HE GOT,—NOT A GUINEA OR NOTE

Not a sou had he got,—not a guinea or note,
And he looked confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the Landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the Club returning;
We twigged the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him;
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.

"The Doctor's as drunk as the Devil," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We raised him, and sighed at the thought that his head
Would "consumedly ache" on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with soda water.

Loudly they talked of his money that's gone,
And his Lady began to upbraid him;
But little he recked, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tucked him in, and had hardly done
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "One o'clock!" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

My brethren, be chaste—till you're tempted;
While sober be grave and discreet;
And humble your bodies with fasting—
As oft as you've nothing to eat.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

("The Monks of the Screw.")

NEXT MORNING

If some one's head's not very bright,
At least the owner bears no malice.
Who was it pulled my nose last night,
And begged an interview at Calais?

The quarrel was not much, I think,
For such a deadly arbitration:
Some joke about the missing link—
And all the rest inebriation.

In vino veritas! which means
A man's a very ass in liquor;
The "thief that slowly steals our brains"
Makes nothing but the temper quicker.

Next morning brings a train of woes,
But finds the passions much sedater. . . .
Who was it, now, that pulled my nose?—
I'd better ring and ask the waiter.

CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.

I COME FROM CASTLEPATRICK

I come from Castlepatrick and my heart is on my sleeve,
And any sword or pistol boy can hit ut with me leave,
It shines there for an epaulette, as golden as a flame,
As naked as me ancestors, as noble as me name.
For I come from Castlepatrick and my heart is on my sleeve,
But a lady stole it from me on St. Gallowglass's Eve.

The folks that live in Liverpool, their heart is in their boots;
They go to Hell like lambs, they do, because the hooter hoots.
Where men may not be dancin', though the wheels may dance all day;

And men may not be smokin', but only chimneys may.
But I come from Castlepatrick and my heart is on my sleeve,
But a lady stole it from me on St. Poleyander's Eve.

The folks that live in black Belfast, their heart is in their mouth;
They see us making murders in the meadows of the South;
They think a plough's a rack, they do, and cattle-calls are creeds,
And they think we're burnin' witches when we're only burnin' weeds.
But I come from Castlepatrick, and me heart is on me sleeve;
But a lady stole it from me on St. Barnabas's Eve.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

(From "The Flying Inn.")

"By the body of a hen, we shall make good cheer, and be as merry as crickets."

There was an old fellow at Waltham Cross,
Who merrily sung, when he lived by the loss!
He cheered up his heart, when his goods went to rack,
With a "Hem, Boys! Hem!" and a cup of old Sack.

EDWARD ROOME.

A MILE AN' A BITTOCK

A mile an' a bittock, a mile or twa,
Abüne the burn, ayont the law,
Davie an' Donal' an' Cherlie an' a',
An' the müne was shinin' clearly!

Ane went hame wi' the ither, an' then
The ither went hame wi' the ither twa men,
An' baith wad return him the service again,
An' the müne was shinin' clearly!

The clocks were chappin' in house an' ha',
Eleeven, twal an' ane an' twa;
An' the guidman's face was turnt to the wa',
An' the müne was shinin' clearly!

A wind got up frae affa the sea,
It blew the stars as clear's could be,
It blew in the een of a' o' the three,
An' the müne was shinin' clearly!

Noo, Davie was first to get sleep in his head,
"The best o' frien's maun twine," he said;
"I'm weariet, an' here I'm awa' to my bed."
An' the müne was shinin' clearly!

Twa o' them walkin' an' crackin' their lane,
The mornin' licht cam grey an' plain,
An' the birds they yammert on stick an' stane,
An' the müne was shinin' clearly!

O years ayont, O years awa',
My lads, ye'll mind whate'er befa'—
My lads, ye'll mind on the bield o' the law,
When the müne was shinin' clearly!
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Who misses or who wins the prize.
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

A STEIN SONG

Give a rouse, then, in the May-time,
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into day-time,
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear;
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

Oh, we're all frank and twenty
When the spring is in the air;

And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
And we've life and love to spare;
And it's birds of a feather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a heart without a care;
And it's birds of a feather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

For we know the world is glorious,
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When His children have their fling;
And life slips its tether
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring;
Then life slips its tether
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring.

When the wind comes up from Cuba
And the birds are on the wing,
And our hearts are patting juba
To the banjo of the spring,
Then life slips its tether
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring;

Then life slips its tether
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring.

RICHARD HOVEY.

"I will drink, by God, both to thee and to thy horse, and so courage, frolic, God save the company."

RABELAIS.

COMRADES, POUR THE WINE TO-NIGHT

Comrades, pour the wine to-night,
For the parting is with dawn.
Oh, the clink of cups together
With the daylight coming on!
Greet the morn
With a double horn,
When strong men drink together!

Comrades, gird your swords to-night,
For the battle is with dawn.
Oh, the clash of shields together,
With the triumph coming on!

Greet the foe
And lay him low,
When strong men fight together.

Comrades, watch the tides to-night,
For the sailing is with dawn.
Oh, to face the spray together,
With the tempest coming on!
Greet the Sea
With a shout of glee,
When strong men roam together.

Comrades, give a cheer to-night,
For the dying is with dawn.
Oh, to meet the stars together,
With the silence coming on!
Greet the end
As a friend to a friend,
When strong men die together.

RICHARD HOVEY.

"On the faith of true lanterners," quoth Friar John, "'tis gallant, sparkling Greek wine. Now for God's sake, sweetheart, do but teach me how the devil you make it."

I dined with a friend in the East one day
Who had no window-sashes;
A sunbeam through the window came
And burnt his wife to ashes.
"John, sweep your mistress away," says he,
"And bring fresh wine for my friend and me."

HANOVER WINTER-SONG

Ho, a song by the fire!
(Pass the pipes, fill the bowl!)
Ho, a song by the fire!
—With a skoal! . . .
For the wolf wind is whining in the doorways,
And the snow drifts deep along the road,
And the ice-gnomes are marching from their Norways,
And the great white cold walks abroad.
(Boo-oo-o! pass the bowl!)
For here by the fire
We defy frost and storm.
Ha, ha! we are warm
And we have our hearts' desire;
For here's four good fellows
And the beechwood and the bellows,
And the cup is at the lip
In the pledge of fellowship.
Skoal!

RICHARD HOVEY.

The merry skylarks soar and sing,
And seem to Heaven very near—
Who knows what blessed inns they see,
What holy drinking songs they hear?

C. W. DALMON.

EPIGRAM

Thou swear'st thou'lt drink no more: kind heaven, send
Me such a cook, or coachman: but no such friend.
18th Century. Oldys' Collection.

They say, and I am glad they say,
It is so; and it may be so,
It may be just the other way,
I cannot tell, but this I know—
From quiet homes and first beginnings
Out to the undiscovered ends
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
Save laughter and the love of friends.
HILAIRE BELLOC.

MICKEY FREE'S SONG

What an illegant life a friar leads,
With a fat round paunch before him!
He mutters a prayer and counts his beads,
And all the women adore him.
It's little he's troubled to work or think,
Wherever devotion leads him;
A "pater" pays for his dinner and drink,
For the Church—good luck to her!—feeds him.

From the cow in the field to the pig in the sty,
  From the maid to the lady in satin,
They tremble wherever he turns an eye.
  He can talk to the Devil in Latin!
He's mighty severe to the ugly and ould,
  And curses like mad when he's near 'em;
But one beautiful trait of him I've been tould,
  The innocent craytures don't fear him.

It's little for spirits or ghosts he cares;
  For 'tis true as the world supposes,
With an Ave he'd make them march down-stairs,
  Av they dared to show their noses.
The Devil himself's afraid, 'tis said,
  And dares not to deride him;
For "angels make each night his bed,
  And then—lie down beside him."

CHARLES LEVER.

(From "Charles O'Malley.")

GLUGGITY GLUG

A jolly fat friar loved liquor good store,
  And he had drunk stoutly at supper;
He mounted his horse one night at the door,
  And sat with his face to the crupper;
"Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to remorse,
  Some thief whom a halter will throttle—
Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
  While I was engaged with my bottle;
    Which goes—Gluggity, gluggity, glug."

The steed had his tail pointed south on the dale,
'Twas the friar's road home straight and level;
But when spurred a horse follows his nose—not his tail,
So he scampered due north like the Devil!
"This new mode of docking," the fat friar said,
"I perceive does not make a horse trot ill;
And 'tis cheap, for he never can eat off his head—
While I am engaged with my bottle;
Which goes—Gluggity, gluggity, glug."

The steed made a stop, to pond he had got—
He was rather for drinking than grazing;
Quoth the friar, "'Tis strange, headless horses should trot,
But to drink with their tails is amazing!"
Turning round to find whence this phenomenon rose,
In the pond fell this son of a pottle.
Quoth he, "The head's found, for I'm under the nose—
I wish I was over the bottle;
Which goes—Gluggity, gluggity, glug."

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it. 1
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of the dear old times.

W. M. THACKERAY.

("The Ballad of Bouillabaisse.")

BARNEY McGEE

Barney McGee, there's no end of good luck in you,
Will-o'-the-wisp, with a flicker of Puck in you,
Wild as a bull-pup and all of his pluck in you,—
Let a man tread on your coat and he'll see!—
Eyes like the lakes of Killarney for clarity,
Nose that turns up without any vulgarity,
Smile like a cherub, and hair that is carroty,—
Wow, you're a rarity, Barney McGee!
Mellow as Tarragon,
Prouder than Aragon—
Hardly a paragon,
You will agree—
Here's all that's fine to you!
Books and old wine to you!
Girls be divine to you,
Barney McGee!

Lucky the day when I met you unwittingly,
Dining where vagabonds came and went flittingly.
Here's some *Barbera* to drink it befittingly,
That day at *Silvio's*, Barney McGee!
Many's the time we have quaffed our Chianti there,
Listened to Silvio quoting us Dante there,—
Once more to drink *Nebiolo spumante* there,
How we'd pitch Pommery into the sea!
There where the gang of us
Met ere Rome rang of us,
They had the hang of us to a degree.
How they would trust to you!
That was but just to you.

Here's o'er their dust to you,
Barney McGee!

Barney McGee, when you're sober you scintillate,
But when you're in drink you're the pride of the intellect;
Divil a one of us ever came in till late,
Once at the bar where you happened to be—
Every eye there like a spoke in your centering,
You with your eloquence, blarney and bantering—
All Vagabondia shouts at your entering,
King of the Tenderloin, Barney McGee!
There's no satiety
In your society
With the variety
Of your *esprit*.
Here's a long purse to you,
And a great thirst to you!
Fate be no worse to you,
Barney McGee!

Och, and the girls whose poor hearts you deracinate,
Whirl and bewilder and flutter and fascinate!
Faith, it's so killing you are, you assassinate,—
Murder's the word for you, Barney McGee!
Bold when they're sunny and smooth when they're showery,—
Oh, but the style of you, fluent and flowery!
Chesterfield's way, with a touch of the Bowery!
How would they silence you, Barney *machree*?
Naught can your gab allay,
Learned as Rabelais

(You in his abbey lay
Once on the spree).
Here's to the smile of you,
(Oh, but the guile of you!)
And a long while of you,
Barney McGee!

Facile with phrases of length and Latinity,
Like *honorificabilitudinity,*
Where is the maid could resist your vicinity,
Wiled by the impudent grace of your plea?
Then your vivacity and pertinacity
Carry the day with the divil's audacity;
No mere veracity robs your sagacity
Of perspicacity, Barney McGee.
When all is new to them,
What will you do to them?
Will you be true to them?
Who shall decree?
Here's a fair strife to you!
Health and long life to you!
And a great wife to you,
Barney McGee!

Barney McGee, you're the pick of gentility;
Nothing can phase you, you've such a facility;
Nobody ever yet found your utility,—
That is the charm of you, Barney McGee;
Under conditions that others would stammer in,
Still unperturbed as a cat or a Cameron,
Polished as somebody in the Decameron,
Putting the glamour on prince or Pawnee!
In your meanderin',

Love, and philanderin',
Calm as a mandarin
Sipping his tea!
Under the art of you,
Parcel and part of you,
Here's to the heart of you,
Barney McGee!

You who were ever alert to befriend a man,
You who were ever the first to defend a man,
You who had always the money to lend a man,
Down on his luck and hard up for a V!
Sure, you'll be playing a harp in beatitude
(And a square sight you will be in that attitude)—
Some day, where gratitude seems but a platitude,
You'll find your latitude, Barney McGee.
That's no flim-flam at all,
Frivol or sham at all,
Just the plain— Damn it all,
Have one with me!
Here's luck and more to you!
Friends by the score to you,
True to the core to you,
Barney McGee!

RICHARD HOVEY.

THE GHOSTS

In life three ghostly friars were we,
And now three friarly ghosts we be.
  Around our shadowy table placed,
The spectral bowl before us floats:
  With wine that none but ghosts can taste,
We wash our unsubstantial throats,
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—three
    merry ghosts are we:
Let the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea!

With songs that jovial spectres chaunt,
Our old refectory still we haunt.
  The traveller hears our midnight mirth:
"O list!" he cries, "the haunted choir!
  The merriest ghost that walks the earth,
Is sure the ghost of a ghostly friar."
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—three
    merry ghosts are we:
Let the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea!

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

Then hang up good faces, we'll drink till our
    noses
Give freedom to speak what our fancy disposes,
Beneath whose protection is *under the roses.*

ALEXANDER BROME.

THE WINDS WHISTLE COLD

The winds whistle cold,
  And the stars glimmer red;
The flocks are in fold
  And the cattle in shed.
When the hoar frost was chill
Upon moorland and hill
  And was fringing the forest bough,
Our father would troll
The bonny brown bowl,
    And so will we do now,
      Jolly hearts!
    And so will we do now!

Gaffer Winter may seize
  Upon milk in the pail;
'Twill be long ere he freeze
  The bold brandy and ale;
For our fathers so bold,
They laughed at the cold,
  When Boreas was bending his brow;
For they quaffed mighty ale
And they told a blithe tale,
    And so will we do now,
      Jolly hearts!
    And so will we do now!

DANIEL TERRY.

MICKEY FREE'S SONG

Oh, once we were illigint people,
  Though we now live in cabins of mud;
And the land that ye see from the steeple
  Belonged to us all from the Flood.
My father was then King of Connaught,
  My grand-aunt Viceroy of Tralee;
But the Sassenach came, and signs on it,
  The devil an acre have we.

The least of us then were all earls,
  And jewels we wore without name;
We drank punch out of rubies and pearls,—
  Mr. Petrie can tell you the same.
But except some turf mould and potatoes,
  There's nothing our own we can call;
And the English,—bad luck to them!—hate us,
  Because we've more fun than them all!

My grand-aunt was niece to Saint Kevin,
  That's the reason my name's Mickey Free!
Priest's nieces,—but sure he's in heaven,
  And his failin's is nothin' to me.
And we still might get on without doctors,
  If they'd let the ould Island alone;
And if purple-men, priests, and tithe-proctors
  Were crammed down the great gun of Athlone.

CHARLES LEVER.

(From "Charles O'Malley.")

COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL

The Pope he is a happy man,
His palace is the Vatican,
And there he sits and drains his can:
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And then there's Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Soldan full of sin;
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased:
I've often wished, I hope no sin,
That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no, the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes;
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I'd rather not be him:
My wife, my wine, I love, I hope,
And would be neither Turk nor Pope.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

We'll drink to-night with hearts as light
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

SONG OF TAMORRAS

Time there was when earthly joy
Gave our senses full employ;
In those days forever gone,
Bless us, how we carried on!
Clinking glasses—
Lovely lasses—
Revel hearty—
Picnic party—
Gay donzella—
Tarantella!
In those days forever gone,
Bless us, how we carried on!

W. S. GILBERT.

(From "The Mountebanks.")

"Though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass."—*Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act I, Sc. i.

WELL, WHY NOT?

Rhymer Byron was a rake —
Shakespeare often hit the bottle;
Burns was always on the slake,
Pouring liquor down his throttle;

Poe was pickled night and day;
"Oh, you kid!" was Villon's war cry;
Take the list across the way,
And the same was not a far cry;
Goldsmith never had a cent,
Shelley jumped his board and lodging;
Homer never paid his rent,
Up and down the highway dodging;
Same old bunch across the slope,
Little coin—but game to blow it.—
Seems to me, from all this dope,
I too ought to be a poet.

L. T.

A glass is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather,
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.

A bottle is a very good thing
With a good deal of good wine in it,
A song is good, when a body can sing,
And to finish we must begin it.

A table is good, when spread with good cheer,
And good company sitting round it;
When a good way off, we're not very near,
And, for sorrow—the devil confound it!

JOHN O'KEEFE.

("Sprigs of Laurel.")

(Incomplete.)

THE FRIARS' CHORUS

This bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine:
We, planets that are not able
Without his help to shine.
Let mirth and glee abound!
You'll soon grow bright
With borrowed light,
And shine as he goes round.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

A BUMPER OF GOOD LIQUOR

A bumper of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar;
So fill a cheerful glass
And let good humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why sooner drain the barrel
Than be the hateful fellow
That's crabbed when he's mellow.
So fill a cheerful glass
And let good humour pass.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

With a bottle and friend—
  Friend is Tom and bottle sherry—
I shall now begin and end
This brief space where two years blend,
  Wondrous wise and merry.

Never yet was such a woe
  That had not a pleasure pressing
Close upon its heels; and so
Through the Old and New we go,
  Each at some time blessing.

Though the Old Year brought to me
  Little joy and much of sorrow,
In the New I hope to be
Happier; my joys, you see,
  Always come—to-morrow.

So, as New Year's Eve doth end,
  Tom, and I, and golden sherry—
Finest wine and oldest friend—
Kill the space where two years blend
  Making wondrous merry.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

And He that will not pledge his Health
I wish him neither wit, nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself!
  With a fa, la, la, la, la!

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Amiens:
Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques:
If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

("As You Like It.")

HAD I THE TUN WHICH BACCHUS USED

Had I the tun which Bacchus used,
I'd sit on it all day;
For, while a can it ne'er refused,
He nothing had to pay.

I'd turn the cock from morn to eve,
Nor think it toil or trouble;
But I'd contrive, you may believe,
To make it carry double.

My friend should sit as well as I,
And take a jovial pot;
For he who drinks—although he's dry—
Alone, is sure a sot.

But since the tun which Bacchus used
We have not here—what then?
Since godlike toping is refused,
Let's drink like honest men.

And let that churl, old Bacchus, sit,—
Who envies him his wine?
While mortal fellowship and wit
Makes whiskey more divine.

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN.

Now, then, the songs; but, first, more wine.
The Gods be with you, friends of mine!

EUGENE FIELD.

FROM THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

LVII

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning?—Nay,
'Twas only striking from the Calendar
Unborn Tomorrow and dead Yesterday.

XCIII

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

XCIV

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
And then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

Translation of EDWARD FITZGERALD.

EPIGRAM

Says my Lord to his Cook, "You son of a punk,
How comes it I see you thus every day drunk?
Physicians, they say, once a month do allow
A man for his health to get drunk as a sow."
"That is right," quoth the cook, "but the day they
don't say,
So for fear I should miss it, I'm drunk every day."
"New Foundling Hospital for Wit." 1786.

Oh, here's to other meetings,
And merry greetings then,
And here's to those we've drunk with,
But never can again.

MAJOR.

BALLAD OF GOOD DOCTRINE TO THOSE OF ILL LIFE

Peddle indulgences, as you may:
Cog the dice for your cheating throws:
Try if counterfeit coin will pay,
At risk of roasting at last, like those
That deal in treason. Lie and glose,
Rob and ravish: what profits it?
Who gets the purchase, do you suppose?
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

Rhyme, rail, wrestle and cymbals play:
  Flute and fool it in mummers' shows:
Along with the strolling players stray
  From town to city, without repose;
  Act mysteries, farces, imbroglios;
Win money at gleek or at lucky hit
  At the pins: like water, away it flows;
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

Turn from your evil courses I pray,
  That smell so foul in a decent nose:
Earn your bread in some honest way.
  If you have no letters, nor verse nor prose,
  Plough or groom horses, beat hemp or toze.
Enough shall you have if you think but fit:
  But cast not your wage to each wind that blows;
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

Envoy

Doublets, pourpoints and silken hose,
  Gowns and linen, woven or knit,
Ere your wede's worn, away it goes;
  Taverns and wenches, every whit.

FRANÇOIS VILLON.

(Payne's Translation.)

A PARTIE CARRÉE

Boys, 'tis little I care to dine
Where the host is vain and the guests are fine,
Where the wines are warm and the dishes cold,
And the mutton is young, and the spinsters old.
Better a humble meal, I say;
Give me an honest Partie Carrée.

Draw the curtains, and shut the door!
Here we are, jolly good fellows four;
The turbot is firm, and the joint is brown,
Cut from a six-year-old South-down:
Tender the grouse, and not forgot
A tart of the delicate apricot.

Now for a glass of the foaming wine,
One should drink (a little) whene'er we dine;
And prythee, admire this amber star;
Sir, this is "London particular"!
After the cloth's away, I trow,
There's nought like a bottle of black Bordeaux!

So let a simple life be mine,
Always with three brave boys to dine.
At supper indeed we would rather sip
Nectar drawn from a ruby lip;
But at dinner, spread at the close of day,
Give me a hearty Partie Carrée.

"Barry Cornwall."
(Bryan Waller Procter.)

A DRINKING SONG

Drink and fill the night with mirth!
  Let us have a mighty measure,
Till we quite forget the earth,
  And soar into the world of pleasure.
Drink and let a health go round,
  ('Tis the drinker's noble duty),
To the eyes that shine and wound,
  To the mouths that bud in beauty.

. . . . . .

Fill the deep-mouthed glasses high!
  Let them with the champagne tremble,
Like the loose wrack in the sky,
  When the four wild winds assemble!
Here's to all the love on earth,
  (Love, the young man's, wise man's treasure!)
Drink, and fill your throats with mirth!
  Drink, and drown the world in pleasure.

"BARRY CORNWALL."

(Incomplete.)

Drink clear, boys,
And you shall quickly know it,
That 'tis not lousy Beer, boys,
But Wine, that makes a Poet.

From an Old Catch.
"Antidote against Melancholy." 1661.

THE LAST LAMP OF THE ALLEY

The last lamp of the alley
  Is burning alone!
All its brilliant companions
  Are shivered and gone.
No lamp of her kindred,
  No burner is nigh,
To rival her glimmer,
  Or light to supply.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
  To vanish in smoke!
As the bright ones are shattered,
  Thou too shalt be broke.
Thus kindly I scatter
  Thy globe o'er the street,
Where the watch in his rambles
  Thy fragments shall meet.

Then home will I stagger
  As well as I may;
By the light of my nose sure
  I'll find out the way.
When thy blaze is extinguished,
  Thy brilliancy gone,
Oh! my beak shall illumine
  The alley alone.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

ON A CLUB OF SOTS

The jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipestaves, are but hoop'd into a tub;
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else but only to hold drink.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

Noah built a mighty ship,
  Happy he o'er mountains sail'd,
Till he drank out all his flip.
  Then his noble courage fail'd;
Bade the dove go fetch a sign
  That water then no more did spout:
Took the olive for a vine,
  Or he'd ne'er have ventured out.

JOHN O'KEEFE.

(From "The Czar Peter.")

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

See! the smoking bowl before us,
  Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
  And in raptures let us sing:
    A fig for those by law protected!
      Liberty's a glorious feast!
    Courts for cowards were erected,
      Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter when or where.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.

ROBERT BURNS.

Would you be a man of fashion?
Would you live a life divine?
Take a little dram of passion
In a lusty dose of wine.

Long live to-day—our own at least,
Shall we to-morrow see?
Take what you can of joy and feast,
And let to-morrow be.

DURANT.

I wish that my room had a floor;
I don't so much care for a door,
But this walking around
Without touching the ground
Is getting to be such a bore.

GELETT BURGESS.

Then fill the cup, fill high! Fill high!
Let joy our goblets crown.
We'll bung Misfortune's scowling eye,
And knock Foreboding down.

J. R. LOWELL.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!

Chorus.—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
  Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
  Sin' auld lang syne.
    For auld, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!
  And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,
  For auld lang syne.
    For auld, etc.

ROBERT BURNS.

FAREWELL TO TOM MOORE

My boat is on the shore,
  And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
  Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
  And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
  Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
  Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
  It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

LORD BYRON.

Sinful youth, sinful youth,
You must die, you must die!
I can hardly tell the truth,
I'm so dry, I'm so dry.

Gae fill the three pint cup o' ale
The maul maun be above the meal,
We houp your ale is stark and stout
For men to drink the auld year out.

There's death in the cup—sae beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching.

ROBERT BURNS.

Give me no home 'neath the pale pink dome of
European skies,
No cot for me by the salmon sea that far to the
southward lies;
But away out west I would build my nest on top
of a carmine hill,
Where I could paint, without restraint, creation
redder still.

EUGENE FIELD.

Come, once more, a bumper!—then drink as you
please,
Tho' who could fill half-way to toasts such as
these?
Here's our next joyous meeting—and, oh, when we
meet,
May our wine be as bright and our union as sweet!

THOMAS MOORE.

(Incomplete.)

A fellah went home in a hansom,
He had been out all evening to dansom;
And he sighed, "Well, that's queer,
There is no key-hole here!"
So he threw his hat over the transom.

I LIKE THE NEW FRIENDS BEST

Old friends are 'most too home-like now.
They know your age, and when
You got expelled from school, and lots
Of other things, an' then
They 'member when you shivereed
The town an' broke the lights
Out of the school 'nen run away
An' played "Hunt Cole" out nights.
They 'member when you played around
Your dear old mommy's knee;
It's them can tell the very date
That you got on a spree.
I don't like to forget 'em, yet
If put right to the test
Of hankerin' right now for 'em,
I like the new friends best.

BEN KING.

THE TEMPESTUOUS PETTICOAT

If ever I marry a wife,
I'll marry a landlord's daughter,
And sit in the bar all day,
And drink cold brandy and water.

CHARLES LAMB.

SONG OF DRAGOONS

We've been thrown over, we're aware,
But we don't care—but we don't care!
There's fish in the sea, no doubt of it,
As good as ever came out of it,
And some day we shall get our share,
So we don't care,—so we don't care!

W. S. GILBERT.

("Patience.")

"TO THE WOMAN THAT'S GOOD"

(The Elks' Toast.)

Ho, gentlemen! Lift your glasses up,
  Each gallant, each swain and lover!
A kiss to the beads that brim in the cup—
  A laugh for the foam spilt over!
For the soul is aflame and the heart beats high,
  And care has unloosened its tether,
"Now drink," said the sage, "for tomorrow we die"—
  So, let's have a toast together!
Swing the goblet aloft, to the lips let it fall,
  Then bend you the knee to address her,
And drink, gentle sirs, to the queen of them all—
  To the woman that's good—God bless her!

A youth is a madcap, and time is a churl,
  Pleasure calls and remorse follows after;
The world hustles on in its pitiless whirl,
  With its kisses, its tears and its laughter.
But there's one gentle heart in its bosom of white—
  The maid with the tender eyes gleaming—
Who has all the wealth of my homage tonight,
  Where she lies in her innocent dreaming.
And a watch over her my spirit shall keep,
  While the angels lean down to caress her,
And I'll pledge her again in her beautiful sleep—
  The woman that's good—God bless her!

Ah, Bohemia's honey is sweet to the sip,
  And the song and the dance are alluring!
The mischievous maid with the mutinous lip
  Has a charm that is very enduring!
But out from the smoke wreaths and music and lace
  Of that world of the tawdrily clever,
There floats the rare spell of the pure little face
  That has chased away folly forever.
And I drain my last toast ere I go to my rest—
  Oh, fortunate earth to possess her—
To the dear, tender heart in the pure, white breast
  Of the woman that's good—God bless her!

ANONYMOUS.

"Cleopatra's nose: had it been shorter, the face of the world had been changed."

PASCAL.

SORROWS OF WERTHER

Werther had a love for Charlotte
  Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
  She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
  And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
  Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
  And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
  And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
  Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
  Went on cutting bread and butter.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

O love, love, love,
  Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a puir body
  Gang about his business.

JAMES HOGG.

Here's to ye absent Lords, may they
Long in a foreign Countree stay;
Drinking at other ladies' boards
The health of other absent Lords.

OLD SONG.

THE LAY OF THE LOVER'S FRIEND

AIR—"The days we went a-gypsying."

I would all womankind were dead,
Or banished o'er the sea;
For they have been a bitter plague
These last six weeks to me:
It is not that I'm touched myself,
For that I do not fear;
No female face hath shown me grace
For many a bygone year.
But 'tis the most infernal bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

Whene'er we steam it to Blackwall,
Or down to Greenwich run,
To quaff the pleasant cider cup,
And feed on fish and fun;
Or climb the slopes of Richmond Hill,
To catch a breath of air:
Then, for my sins, he straight begins
To rave about his fair.

Oh, 'tis the most tremendous bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

In vain you pour into his ear
Your own confiding grief;
In vain you claim his sympathy,
In vain you ask relief;
In vain you try to rouse him by
Joke, repartee, or quiz;
His sole reply's a burning sigh,
And "What a mind it is!"
O Lord! it is the greatest bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

I've heard her thoroughly described
A hundred times, I'm sure;
And all the while I've tried to smile,
And patiently endure;
He waxes strong upon his pangs,
And potters o'er his grog;
And still I say, in a playful way—
"Why, you're a lucky dog!"
But oh! it is the heaviest bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

I really wish he'd do like me
When I was young and strong;

I formed a passion every week,
But never kept it long.
But he has not the sportive mood
That always rescued me,
And so I would all women could
Be banished o'er the sea.
For 'tis the most egregious bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

"Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing."

SWIFT.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me;
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
O! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No—vain, alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

THOMAS MOORE.

"Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

"As You Like it," Act IV, Sc. i.

"Is't come to this?. . . . Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again?"

"Much Ado About Nothing," Act I, Sc. i.

RESIGNATION

I could resign that eye of blue,
  Howe'er its splendour used to thrill me;
And e'en that cheek of roseate hue—
  To lose it, Chloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
  However much I raved about it;
And sweetly as that lip can kiss,
  I think I could exist without it.

In short, so well I've learned to fast,
  That, sooth, my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last
  To do without you altogether.

THOMAS MOORE.

You say at your feet I wept in despair,
And vowed that no angel was ever so fair:
How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke?
What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love
(And nothing but death should my passion remove):
I have liked you a twelvemonth, a calendar year:
And not yet contented!—Have conscience, my dear!

"The Siren."

COMPANIONS

A Tale of a Grandfather.

I know not of what we pondered
  Or made pretty pretence to talk,
As, her hand within mine, we wandered
  Tow'rd the pool by the lime-tree walk,
While the dew fell in showers from the passion
      flowers
  And the blush-rose bent on her stalk.

I cannot recall her figure:
  Was it regal as Juno's own?
Or only a trifle bigger
  Than the elves who surround the throne
Of the Faëry Queen, and are seen, I ween,
  By mortals in dreams alone?

What her eyes were like I know not:
  Perhaps they were blurred with tears;
And perhaps in yon skies there glow not
  (On the contrary) clearer spheres.
No! as to her eyes I am just as wise
  As you or the cat, my dears.

Her teeth, I presume, were "pearly":
  But which was she, brunette or blonde?
Her hair, was it quaintly curly,
  Or as straight as a beadle's wand?
That I failed to remark;—it was rather dark
  And shadowy round the pond.

Then the hand that reposed so snugly
  In mine—was it plump or spare?
Was the countenance fair or ugly?
  Nay, children, you have me there!
My eyes were p'haps blurred; and besides I'd heard
  That it's horribly rude to stare.

And I—was I brusque and surly?
  Or oppressively bland and fond?
Was I partial to rising early?
  Or why did we twain abscond,
When nobody knew, from the public view
  To prowl by a misty pond?

What passed, what was felt or spoken—
  Whether anything passed at all—
And whether the heart was broken
  That beat under that shelt'ring shawl—
(If shawl she had on, which I doubt)—has gone
  Yes, gone from me past recall.

Was I haply the lady's suitor?
  Or her uncle? I can't make out—
Ask your governess, dears, or tutor.
  For myself, I'm in hopeless doubt
As to why we were there, who on earth we were,
  And what this is all about.

C. S. Calverley.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE

They may talk of love in a cottage,
  And bowers of trellised vine,
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
  And milkmaids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
  In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
  By the side of a footstep free!

True love is at home on a carpet,
  And mightily likes his ease;
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
  And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
  His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,
  And shot from a silver string.

N. P. Willis.

(Incomplete.)

And here's to a' in barley bree,
  Oursel's and a' the warld thegither,
To a' wha luve the kilted knee,
  Or bonnie lasses in the heather.

Geo. Robertson, Jr.

HACKER'S SONG

Woman's like the flatt'ring ocean,
  Who her pathless ways can find?
Every blast directs her motion;
  Now she's angry, now she's kind.
What a fool's the venturous lover,
  Whirl'd and toss'd by every wind!
Can the bark the port recover
  When the silly pilot's blind?

JOHN GAY.

(From "Polly.")

A GENERAL TOAST

Here's to the Maiden of blushing fifteen!
  Here's to the Widow of fifty!
Here's to the flaunting extravagant Quean,
  And then to the Housewife that's thrifty!

Chorus—

Let the Toast pass! drink to the Lass!
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the Glass!

Here's to the Charmer, whose dimples we prize!
  Now to the Damsel with none, sir!
Here's to the Maid with her pair of blue eyes;
  And now to the Nymph with but one, sir!
Chorus. Let the toast pass . . .

Here's to the Maid with the bosom of snow!
  Now to her that's brown as a berry!
Here's to the Wife with a face full of woe;
  And now to the Damsel that's merry!
    Chorus. Let the Toast pass . . .

For let them be clumsy, or let them be slim,
  Young or ancient; I care not a feather!
So fill us a bumper, quite up to the brim;
  And e'en let us Toast them together!

Chorus—

Let the Toast pass! drink to the Lass!
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the Glass!

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Precious fingers, precious toes,
Precious eyes and precious nose,
Precious chin and precious lip,
Precious fool that lets 'em slip.

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE AND TOBACCO

The Artist feeling for his type,
  The rose may miss, the thorn may rue;
My dream is rounded with my pipe,
  My pipe and You.

Renown's a shy and shifty snipe
That other guns to death may do;
I trudge along towards my pipe,
My pipe and You.

For all the Fruits of Time were ripe,
And all the skies of Chance were blue,
If only I possessed my pipe,
My pipe and You.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY. 1877.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

There's nought but care on ev'ry han';
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
And 'twere na for the lasses, O!

Chorus—

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares an' war'ly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this;
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man that warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

ROBERT BURNS.

OLD LOVES

Louise, have you forgotten yet
The corner of the flowery land,
The ancient garden where we met,
My hand that trembled in your hand?
Our lips found words scarce sweet enough,
As low beneath the willow-trees
We sat; have you forgotten, love?
Do you remember, love Louise?

Marie, have you forgotten yet
The loving barter that we made?
The rings we changed, the suns that set,
The woods fulfilled with sun and shade?

The fountains that were musical
  By many an ancient trysting tree—
Marie, have you forgotten all?
  Do you remember, love Marie?

Christine, do you remember yet
  Your room with scents and roses gay?
My garret—near the sky 'twas set—
  The April hours, the nights of May?
The clear, calm nights—the stars above
  That whispered they were fairest seen
Through no cloud-veil? Remember, love!
  Do you remember, love Christine?

Louise is dead, and, well-a-day!
  Marie a sadder path has ta'en;
And pale Christine has passed away
  In southern suns to bloom again.
Alas! for one and all of us—
  Marie, Louise, Christine forget;
Our bower of love is ruinous,
  And I alone remember yet.

HENRI MURGER.
(*Translation by* ANDREW LANG.)

Some take their gold in minted mould,
And some in harps hereafter,
But give me mine in tresses fine,
And keep the change—in laughter.

OLIVER HERFORD.

The Jack of Spades and the Queen o' Clubs
Walked one night on the promenade deck,
While the King played poker
Down below in the smoker,
Putting up blues to win a white check;
For his luck was poor and the King dismayed,—
But little knew he that the Jack sashayed
Arm in arm to and fro with the Queen up above,
A-squeezin' of her hand and tellin' of his love!
Says the Jack to the Queen, "You're my all in all;
We must ever stick together tho' the heavens fall."
"There's but one thing to part us,"
She lamented with a blush,
"We couldn't stick together
In a Royal Flush."

ANONYMOUS.

THE BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES

After François Villon.

Tell me now in what hidden way is
  Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,
  Neither of them the fairer woman?
  Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
Only heard on river and mere,—
  She whose beauty was more than human? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloise, the learned nun,
  For whose sake Abeillard, I ween,

Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
(From Love he won such dule and teen!)
And where, I pray you, is the Queen
Who willed that Buridan should steer
Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
With a voice like any mermaiden,—
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
And Ermengarde the lady of Maine,—
And that good Jean whom Englishmen
At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—
Mother of God, where are they then? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Envoy

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Except with this for an overword,—
"But where are the snows of yester-year?"

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Gaze on her bosom of sweets, and take
This truth for a constant rule:—
Enchanting woman can always make
The wisest of men a fool.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

("The Law of Java.")

THE MANLY HEART

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May—
  If she think not well of me,
  What care I how fair she be? . . .

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of Best;
  If she be not such to me,
  What care I how good she be? . . .

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
  For if she be not for me,
  What care I for whom she be? . . .

GEORGE WITHER.

(Incomplete.)

A GENTLE ECHO ON WOMAN

In the Doric Manner.

Shepherd. Echo, I ween, will in the woods reply,
And quaintly answer questions: shall I try?
Echo. Try.
Shepherd. What must we do our passion to express?
Echo. Press.

. . . . . .

Shepherd. What most moves women when we them address?
Echo. A dress.
Shepherd. Say, what can keep her chaste whom I adore?
Echo. A door.
Shepherd. If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.
Echo. Liar.
Shepherd. Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by her?
Echo. Buy her.
Shepherd. But what can glad me when she's laid on bier?
Echo. Beer.
Shepherd. What must I do when women will be kind?
Echo. Be kind.
Shepherd. What must I do when women will be cross?

Echo. Be cross.
Shepherd. Lord, what is she that can so turn and wind?
Echo. Wind.
Shepherd. If she be wind, what stills her when she blows?
Echo. Blows.

. . . . . .

Shepherd. Is there no way to moderate her anger?
Echo. Hang her.
Shepherd. Thanks, gentle Echo! right thy answers tell
What woman is and how to guard her well.
Echo. Guard her well.

DEAN SWIFT.

(Incomplete.)

"When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married."—*Much Ado About Nothing.* Act. III, Sc. i.

THE PRIME OF LIFE

Just as I thought I was growing old,
Ready to sit in my easy chair,
To watch the world with a heart grown cold,
And smile at a folly I would not share,

Rose came by with a smile for me,
  And I am thinking that forty year
Isn't the age that it seems to be,
  When two pretty brown eyes are near.

Bless me! Of life it is just the prime,
  A fact that I hope she will understand;
And forty year is a perfect rhyme
  To dark brown eyes and a pretty hand.

These grey hairs are by chance, you see—
  Boys are sometimes grey I am told:
Rose came by with a smile for me,
  Just as I thought I was getting old.

WALTER LEARNED.

"JENNY KISSED ME"

Jenny kissed me when we met,
  Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
  Sweets into your list, put *that* in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
  Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
  Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

UPON LOVE BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER

I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Like, and dislike ye:
I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Stroke ye, to strike ye.
I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Love will befool ye:
I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Heat ye, to cool ye:
I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Love gifts will send ye:
I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Stock ye to spend ye:
I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Love will fulfil ye:
I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Kiss ye, to kill ye.

ROBERT HERRICK

Said a maid, "I will marry for lucre,"
And her scandalized ma almost shucre;
But when the chance came,
And she told the good dame,
I notice she did not rebuchre.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE APPARITION

My dead Love came to me and said:
"God gives me one hour's rest
To spend upon the earth with thee:
How shall we spend it best?"

"Why, as of old," I said, and so
We quarrell'd as of old.
But when I turn'd to make my peace
That one short hour was told.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

DEFENDANT'S SONG

Oh, gentlemen, listen, I pray,
Though I own that my heart has been ranging,
Of nature the laws I obey,
For nature is constantly changing.
The moon in her phases is found,
The time and the wind and the weather,
The months in succession come round,
And you don't find two Mondays together.
Consider the moral, I pray,
Nor bring a young fellow to sorrow,
Who loves this young lady today,
And loves that young lady tomorrow.

W. S. GILBERT.

("Trial by Jury.")

TO PHŒBE

"Gentle, modest little flower,
Sweet epitome of May,
Love me but for half an hour,
Love me, love me, little fay."
Sentences so fiercely flaming
In your tiny shell-like ear,
I should always be exclaiming
If I loved you, Phœbe dear.

"Smiles that thrill from any distance
Shed upon me while I sing!
Please ecstaticize existence,
Love me, oh, thou fairy thing!"
Words like these, out-pouring sadly,
You'd perpetually hear,
If I loved you fondly, madly,—
But I do not, Phœbe dear.

W. S. GILBERT.

He said when first he saw me
Life seemed at once divine,
Each night he dreamed of angels,
And every face was mine:
Sometimes a voice in sleeping
Would all his hopes forbid,
And then he'd waken weeping—
Do you really think he did?

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE WONDER

My heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you;
Now we've lived three months asunder,
How I lived with you is the wonder.

18th Century Epigram.

DEFENDANT'S SONG

When first my old, old love I knew
  My bosom swelled with joy;
My riches at her feet I threw—
  I was a lovesick boy!
No terms seemed extravagant
  Upon her to employ—
I used to mope, and sigh, and pant,
  Just like a lovesick boy!

But joy incessant palls the sense:
  And love, unchanged, will cloy,
And she became a bore intense
  Unto her lovesick boy!
With fitful glimmer burnt my flame
  And I grew cold and coy,
At last, one morning, I became
  Another's lovesick boy.

W. S. Gilbert.

("Trial by Jury.")

Let's be gay while we may
And seize love with laughter;
I'll be true as long as you
And not a moment after.

À OUTRANCE

(France, Seventeenth Century)

Heigho! Why the plague did you wake me?
It's barely a half after four;
My head, too, is—ah! I remember
That little affair at the shore.
Well, I had forgotten completely!
I must have been drinking last night—
Rapiers, West Sands, and sunrise;—
But whom, by the way, do I fight?

De Genlis! Ah, now I recall it!
He started it all, did he not?
I drank to his wife—but, the devil!
He needn't have gotten so hot.
Just see what a ruffler that man is,
Just to give me a challenge to fight,
And only for pledging milady
A half-dozen times in a night.

Ah, well! It's a beautiful morning,—
The sun just beginning to rise,—
A glorious day for one's spirit
To pilgrimage off to the skies—

God keep mine from any such notion;—
This duel's *à outrance,* you see,—
I haven't confessed for a month back,
And haven't had breakfast, *tant pis!*

Well, here we are, first at the West Sands!
The tide is well out: and how red
The sunrise is painting the ocean;—
Is that a sea-gull overhead?
And here come De Genlis and Virron:
Messieurs, we were waiting for you
To complete, with the sea and the sunrise,
The charming effect of the view.

Are we ready? Indeed we were waiting
Your orders, Marigny and I.
On guard then it is,—we must hasten:
The sun is already quite high.
Where now would you like me to pink you?
I've no choice at all, don't you see;
And any spot you may desire
Will be *convenable* for me.

From this hand-shake, I judge I was drinking
Last night, with the thirst of a fish;
I've vigour enough though to kill you,
Mon ami, and that's all I wish.
Keep cool, keep your temper, I beg you,—
Don't fret yourself—Now by your leave
I'll finish you off—Help, Marigny!
His sword's in my heart, I believe.

God! God! What a mortification!
The Amontillado last night—
Was drinking, you know, and my hand shook;—
My head, too, was dizzy and light.
And I the best swordsman in Paris!
No priest, please, for such as I am—
I'm going—Good-by, my Marigny;
De Genlis, my love to Madame.

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

"Before I was in love, I had a noble stomach."
—SWIFT.

EPITAPH

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Arabella Young,
Who on the twenty-fourth of May
Began to hold her tongue.

WOMAN'S WILL

Men dying make their wills—but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

JOHN G. SAXE.

PALINODIA

. . . Belles may read and beaux may write,—
I care not who or how;
I burnt my Album, Sunday night;—
I'm not a lover now!

I don't encourage idle dreams
Of poison or of ropes;
I cannot dine on airy schemes;
I cannot sup on hopes:
New milk I own is very fine,
Just foaming from the cow;
But yet I want my pint of wine;—
I'm not a lover now!

When Laura sings your hearts away,
I'm deafer than the deep;
When Leonora goes to play,
I sometimes go to sleep;
When Mary draws her white gloves out,
I never dance, I vow,—
"Too hot to kick one's heels about!"
I'm not a lover now!

. . . . . .

And this is life! no verdure blooms
Upon the withered bough:
I save a fortune in perfumes;—
I'm not a lover now!

W. M. Praed.

(Incomplete.)

A BALLAD OF BEDLAM

O, Lady wake!—the azure moon
  Is rippling in the verdant skies,
The owl is warbling his soft tune,
  Awaiting but thy snowy eyes.
The joys of future years are past,
  To-morrow's hopes have fled away;
Still let us love, and e'en at last,
  We shall be happy yesterday.

The early beam of rosy night
  Drives off the ebon morn afar,
While through the murmur of the light
  The huntsman winds his mad guitar.
Then, lady, wake! my brigantine
  Pants, neighs, and prances to be free;
Till the creation I am thine,
  To some rich desert fly with me.

Punch.

THE TOPER

She tells me with claret she cannot agree,
And she thinks of a hogshead whene'er she sees me;
For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I
Resolve to forsake her or claret deny:
Must I leave my dear bottle that was always my
  friend,
And I hope will continue so to my life's end?

Must I leave it for her? 'tis a very hard task,—
Let her go to the Devil, bring the other whole flask!

Had she tax'd me with gaming and bade me forbear,
'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear;
Had she found out my Chloris up three pair of stairs,
I had baulk'd her and gone to St. James's to pray'rs;
Had she bid me read homilies three times a day,
She perhaps had been humour'd with little to say;
But at night to deny me my flask of dear red,—
Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be said!

TOM D'URFEY.

EPIGRAM

"Dear Cupid," I cried, "do consult with your mother
To subdue my dear Chloe's insensible heart."
Kind Cupid obeyed: Venus too play'd her part,
And my Chloe at length fell in love with another.

"An Asylum for Fugitive Pieces." 1785.

If all your beauties one by one,
I pledge, dear, I am thinking
Before the tale were well begun
I had been dead of drinking.

TO A RICH YOUNG WIDOW

I will not ask if thou canst touch
  The tuneful ivory key?
Those silent notes of thine are such
  As quite suffice for me.

I'll make no question if thy skill
  The pencil comprehends,
Enough for me, love, if thou still
  Canst draw thy dividends!

PUNCH.

ON A REJECTED NOSEGAY

Offered by the Author to a beautiful young Lady, who returned it.

What! then you won't accept it, won't you? Oh!
No matter; pshaw! my heart is breaking, though.
My bouquet is rejected; let it be:
For what am I to you, or you to me?
'Tis true I once had hoped; but now, alas!
Well, well; 'tis over now, and let it pass.
I was a fool—perchance I am so still;
You won't accept it! Let me dream you will:
But that were idle. Shall we meet again?
Why should we? Water for my burning brain?

I could have loved thee—Could! I love thee yet.
Can only Lethe teach me to forget?
Oblivion's balm, oh tell me where to find!
Is it a tenant of the anguish'd mind?
Or is it?—ha! at last I see it come;
Waiter! a bottle of your oldest rum.

Punch.

When late I attempted your pity to move,
What made you so deaf to my prayers?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs?

"Isaac Bickerstaff."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

A bachelor sat in his chair—and he thought—
And he made up his mind that he wouldn't be caught:
And yet he wanted to do what he ought,
And he thought, and he thought, and he thought.

A little maid sat in her chair—and she thought—
And she made up her mind that she wouldn't be caught:
And yet she wanted to do what she ought,
And she thought, and she thought, and she thought.

A bachelor sat in his chair—and he thought—
And a little maid sat by him—just as she ought—
For, alas! they forgot about not being caught,
But they thought, and they thought, and they thought.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread,—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

FILL A GLASS WITH GOLDEN WINE

Fill a glass with golden wine,
And the while your lips are wet,
Set their perfume unto mine,
And forget
Every kiss we take and give
Leaves us less of life to live.

Yet again! Your whim and mine
In a happy while have met.
All your sweets to me resign,
Nor regret
That we press with every breath,
Sighed or singing, nearer death.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

THE RABBINICAL ORIGIN OF WOMEN

They tell us that Woman was made of a rib
  Just pick'd from a corner so snug in the side;
But the Rabbins swear to you that this is a fib,
  And 'twas not so at all that the sex was supplied.

For old Adam was fashion'd, the first of his kind,
  With a tail like a monkey, full a yard and a span;
And when Nature cut off this appendage behind,
  Why—then woman was made of the tail of the man.

If such is the tie between women and men,
  The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf;
For he takes to his tail, like an idiot, again,
  And makes a most damnable ape of himself!

Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
  Every husband remembers the original plan,
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
  Why—he leaves her behind him as much as he can.

THOMAS MOORE.

Here's to wives and sweethearts sweet!
May they never, never meet!

Army Toast.

Farewell, my Mistress! I'll be gone!
I have friends to wait upon!
Think you, I'll myself confine
To your humours, Lady mine?
No! Your lowering looks do say,
"'Twill be a rainy drinking day;
To the Tavern let's away!"

There have I a mistress got
Cloistered in a Pottle Pot!
Plump and bounding, soft and fair,
Buxom, sweet and debonair;
And they call her "Sack," my Dear! . . .

ANONYMOUS, *Eighteenth Century.*

UPON HIMSELF

I could never love indeed;
Never see mine own heart bleed;
Never crucify my life;
Or for Widow, Maid, or Wife.

I could never seek to please
One, or many Mistresses;
Never like their lips, to swear
Oil of Roses still smelt there.

I could never break my sleep,
Fold mine arms, sob, sigh, or weep:
Never beg, or humbly woo
With oaths, and lies, as others do.

I could never walk alone;
Put a shirt of sackcloth on:
Never keep a fast and pray
For good luck in love (that day).

But have hitherto lived free,
As the air that circles me:
And kept credit with my heart,
Neither broke i' th' whole, or part.

ROBERT HERRICK.

ROSETTE

(Imitated from the French of Béranger.)

Yes! I know you're very fair;
And the rose-bloom of your cheek
And the gold-crown of your hair,
Seem of tender love to speak.
But to me they speak in vain,
I am growing old, my pet,—
Ah! if I could love you now
As I used to love Rosette!

In your carriage every day
I can see you bow and smile;
Lovers your least word obey,
Mistress you of every wile.
She was poor, and went on foot,
Badly drest, you know,—and yet,—
Ah! if I could love you now
As I used to love Rosette!

You are clever, and well known
  For your wit so quick and free;—
Now, Rosette, I blush to own,
  Scarcely knew her A B C;
But she had a potent charm
  In my youth:—ah, vain regret!
If I could but love you now
  As I used to love Rosette!

No age, no profession, no station is free;
To sovereign beauty mankind bows the knee;
That power resistless no strength can oppose:
We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

"The Siren."

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY

Ere the morn the East has crimsoned,
  When the stars are twinkling there,
(As they did in Watts' Hymns, and
  Made him wonder what they were:)
When the forest nymphs are beading
  Fern and flower with silvery dew—
My infallible proceeding
  Is to wake, and think of you.

. . . . . .

Give me hope, the least, the dimmest,
  Ere I drain the poisoned cup:
Tell me I may tell the chymist
  Not to make that arsenic up!
Else the heart must cease to throb in
  This my breast; and when, in tones
Hushed, men ask, "Who killed Cock Robin?"
  They'll be told, "Miss Clara J———s."

C. S. CALVERLEY.

(Incomplete.)

There once was a maiden of Siam
Who said to her lover, young Kiam,
  "If you kiss me, of course,
  You will have to use force,
But God knows you are stronger than I am."

ISABEL

Now o'er the landscape crowd the deepening shades,
  And the shut lily cradles not the bee:
The red deer couches in the forest glades,
  And faint the echoes of the slumberous sea:
  And ere I rest, one prayer I'll breathe for thee,
The sweet Egeria of my lonely dreams:

Lady, forgive, that ever upon me
Thoughts of thee linger, as the soft starbeams
Linger on Merlin's rock, or dark Sabrina's streams.

. . . . . .

O Isabel, the brightest, heavenliest theme
That e'er drew dreamer on to poesy,
Since "Peggy's locks" made Burns neglect his team,
And Stella's smile lured Johnson from his tea—
I may not tell thee what thou art to me!
But ever dwells the soft voice in my ear,
Whispering of what Time is, what Man might be,
Would he but "do the duty that lies near,"
And cut clubs, cards, champagne, balls, billiard rooms, and beer.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

(Incomplete.)

ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE

She pass'd up the aisle on the arm of her sire,
A delicate lady in bridal attire,
Fair emblem of virgin simplicity;
Half London was there, and, my word, there were few
That stood by the altar, or hid in a pew,
But envied Lord Nigel's felicity.

O beautiful Bride! So meek in thy splendour,
So frank in thy love, and its trusting surrender,
Departing you leave us the town dim!
May happiness wing to thy bosom, unsought,
And may Nigel, esteeming his bliss as he ought,
Prove worthy thy worship,—confound him!

FREDERICK LOCKER.

A bachelor I will
Live as I have liv'd still,
And never take a wife
To crucify my life.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE HINDOO'S DEATH

A Hindoo died; a happy thing to do,
When fifty years united to a shrew.
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries
Before the gates of Brahma's paradise.
"Hast been through purgatory?" Brahma said.
"I have been married," and he hung his head.
"Come in! come in! And welcome to my son!
Marriage and purgatory are as one."
In bliss extreme he entered heaven's door
And knew the bliss he ne'er had known before.

He scarce had entered in the gardens fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there.

The selfsame question Brahma asked again:
"Hast been through purgatory?" "No; what then?"
"Thou canst not enter," did the God reply.
"He who went in was there no more than I."
"All that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth has suffered for all his sin."
"Married? 'Tis well, for I've been married twice."
"Begone! We'll have no fools in Paradise."

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

When Eve upon the first of men
The apple pressed, with specious cant,
Oh, what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adamant!

THOMAS HOOD.

THETIS' SONG

Man's so touchy, a word that's injurious
Wakes his honour; he's sudden as fire.
Woman kindles and is no less furious,
For her trifles, or any desire.
Man is testy
Or sour, or resty,
If balk'd of honours, or power or pelf:
Woman's passions can no less molest ye,
And all for reasons she keeps to herself.

JOHN GAY.

(From "Achilles.")

Drink, my jolly lads, drink with discerning;
Wedlock's a lane where there is no turning;
Never was owl more blind than a lover,
Drink and be merry, lads, half seas over.

D. M. Mulock.

"I SAID TO LOVE"

I said to Love,
"It is not now as in old days
When men adored thee and thy ways
All else above;
Named thee the Boy, the Bright, the One
Who spread a heaven beneath the sun,"
I said to Love.

I said to him,
"We now know more of thee than then;
We were but weak in judgment when,
With hearts abrim,
We clamored thee that thou would'st please
Inflict on us thine agonies,"
I said to him.

I said to Love,
"Thou art not young, thou art not fair,
No faery darts, no cherub air,
Nor swan, nor dove
Are thine; but features pitiless,
And iron daggers of distress,"
I said to Love.

"Depart then, Love! . . .
—Man's race shall end, dost threaten thou?
The age to come the man of now
Know nothing of?—
We fear not such a threat from thee;
We are too old in apathy!
Mankind shall cease.—So let it be,"
I said to Love.

THOMAS HARDY.

THE ONE WHITE HAIR

The wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies
And love to hear them told:
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one,—
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never was among
The choir of Wisdom's song,
But pretty lies loved I,
As much as any king
When youth was on the wing.
And (must it then be told) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot

When one pert lady said,
"O Landor! I am quite
Bewildered with affright!
I see (sit quiet now) a white hair on your head!"

Another more benign
Drew out that hair of mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended it was found,
That one, and twirled it round . . .
Fair as she was, she never was so fair!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

SIXTEEN

In Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see—
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,
Have I not culled as sweet before?
Ah yes, Lucilla, and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,—
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever;
And Modesty, who, when she goes,
Is gone, forever!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A TRUE MAID

No, no; for my virginity,
When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die:
Behind the elms, last night, cried Dick
Rose, were you not extremely sick?

MATTHEW PRIOR.

A JOKE VERSIFIED

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife."—
"Why, so it is, father—whose wife shall I take?"

THOMAS MOORE.

RONDEAU

By two black eyes my heart was won,
Sure never wretch was more outdone!
To Celia with my suit I came,
But she, regardless of her prize,
Thought proper to reward my flame
By two black eyes.
"An Asylum for Fugitive Pieces." 1785.

You sing a little song or two,
And you have a little chat,
You make a little candy-fudge,
And then you take your hat.

You hold her hand and say "Good-night"
As sweetly as you can:
Ain't that a hell of an evening
For a great big, healthy man!

ANONYMOUS.

ON BEING ADVISED TO MARRY

Sir, you are prudent, good and wise,
I own and thank you from my heart;
And much approve what you advise,
But let me think before I start.

For folks well able to discern,
  Who know what 'tis to take a wife,
Say 'tis a case of such concern
  A man should think on 't—all his life.

SONG

Oh, I'll reform, I will, I swear!
  To Hymen I'll address my vows,
And I'll beget a son and heir,
  And tend my sheep, and milk my cows,
  And doze and fatten with my spouse! . . .

Yes, I'll reform!—vain town, adieu!
  Henceforth with rural joys content,
A life of reason I'll pursue;
  Of all my former sins repent,
  And die a cuckold and a saint.
"An Asylum for Fugitive Pieces." 1785.

JOY AND SORROW MIX'D TOGETHER

Hang Sorrow! let's cast away care,
  For now I do mean to be merry;
We'll drink some good Ale and strong Beer,
  With Sugar, and Claret, and Sherry.

Now I'll have a wife of mine own:
  I shall have no need for to borrow;
I would have it for to be known
  That I shall be married to-morrow!

RICHARD CLIMSALL.

(Incomplete.)

THE JOYS WE MISS

A silly poor shepherd was folding his sheep,
He walked so long he got cold in his feet,
He laid on his coals by two and by three,
The more he laid on
The Cu-colder was he!

Old Song.

WHEN DAISIES PIED AND VIOLETS BLUE

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,

Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo:—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,

Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo:—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"Thou hast the metoposcopy and physiognomy of a cuckold—I say, of a notorious and infamous cuckold."

HERR TRIPPA.

THE THREE WIVES

My *First* was a lady whose dominant passion
Was thorough devotion to parties and fashion;
My *Second,* regardless of conjugal duty,
Was only the worse for her wonderful beauty;
My *Third* was a vixen in temper and life,
Without one essential to make a good wife.
Jubilate! At last in my freedom I revel,
For I'm clear of the World and the Flesh and the Devil.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T

First when Maggie was my care,
Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—speir nae mair,
  But whistle o'er the lave o't!

Meg was meek and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child—
Wiser men than me's beguiled;
  Whistle o'er the lave o't!

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree,
I care na how few may see—
  Whistle o'er the lave o't!

Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
Dished up in her winding-sheet,
I could write—but Meg may see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't!

ROBERT BURNS.

A GRAIN OF SALT

Of all the wimming doubly blest
The sailor's wife's the happiest,
For all she does is stay to home
And knit and darn—and let 'im roam.

Of all the husbands on the earth
The sailor has the finest birth,
For in 'is cabin he can sit
And sail and sail—and let 'er knit.

WALLACE IRWIN.

"They say, indeed, that hardly shall a man ever see a fair woman that is not also stubborn."—RABELAIS.

"I love cuckolds with my heart." PANURGE.

Sacred to the memory of Anthony Drake,
Who died for peace and quietness sake;
His wife was constantly scolding and scoffin',
So he sought for repose in a twelve-dollar coffin.

(*In Burlington Churchyard, Mass.*)

CONNUBIAL COMPANY

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone;
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so, my love," he said, "not so;
But man and wife are one, you know,
And when alone I'm weary."

Eighteenth Century Epigram.

Charity, wife of Gideon Bligh,
Underneath this stone doth lie.
Nought was she e'er known to do
That her husband told her to.

(*In a Devonshire Churchyard.*)

THE STORY OF URIAH

"Now there were two men in one city; the one rich and the other poor."

Jack Barrett went to Quetta
Because they told him to.
He left his wife at Simla
On three-fourths his monthly screw:
Jack Barrett died at Quetta
Ere the next month's pay he drew.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta.
He didn't understand

The reason of his transfer
From the pleasant mountain-land:
The season was September,
And it killed him out of hand.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta,
And there gave up the ghost,
Attempting two men's duty
In that very healthy post;
And Mrs. Barrett mourned for him
Five lively months at most.

Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta
Enjoy profound repose;
But I shouldn't be astonished
If *now* his spirit knows
The reason of his transfer
From the Himalayan snows.

And, when the Last Great Bugle Call
Adown the Hurnai throbs,
When the last grim joke is entered
In the big black Book of Jobs,
And Quetta graveyards give again
Their victims to the air,
I shouldn't like to be the man
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE FAMILY MAN

I once was a jolly young beau,
And knew how to pick up a fan,
But I've done with all that, you must know,
For now I'm a family man!

When a partner I ventured to take,
The ladies all favoured the plan;
They vowed I was certain to make
"Such an excellent family man!"

If I travel by land or by water,
I have charge of some Susan or Ann;
Mrs. Brown is so sure that her daughter
Is safe with a family man!

The trunks and the band-boxes round 'em
With something like horror I scan,
But though I may mutter, "Confound 'em!"
I smile—like a family man.

I once was as gay as a templar,
But levity's now under ban;
Young people must have an exemplar,
And I am a family man!

The club-men I meet in the city
All treat me as well as they can;
And only exclaim, "What a pity
Poor Tom is a family man!"

I own I am getting quite pensive;
Ten children, from David to Dan,
Is a family rather extensive:
But then—I'm a family man!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Misfortunes never come single,
And so, like birds of a feather,
The marriages and the deaths
Are always printed together.

KING'S SONG

You grow up, and you discover
What it is to be a lover.
Some young lady is selected—
Poor, perhaps, but well-connected—
Whom you hail (for Love is blind)
As the Queen of fairy kind.
Though she's plain—perhaps unsightly,
Makes her face up—laces tightly,
In her form your fancy traces
All the gifts of all the graces.
Rivals none the maiden woo,
So you take her and she takes you. . . .
Ten years later—Time progresses—
Sours your temper—thins your tresses.

Fancy, then, her chain relaxes;
Rates are facts and so are taxes.
Fairy Queen's no longer young—
Fairy Queen has got a tongue.
Twins have probably intruded—
Quite unbidden—just as you did.—
They're a source of care and trouble—
Just as you were—only double.
Comes at last the final stroke—
Time has had his little joke. . . .
. . . . . .
Lastly when
Threescore and ten
(And not till then)
The joke is over.
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
Then—and then
The joke is over.

W. S. GILBERT.

(From "Utopia Limited.")

"I'd trust my husband anywhere," she said;
"My faith in him is full, 'tis satisfied:
I know that all his thoughts are fair," she said,
"I know he'd put temptations all aside.

"I know that he is strong, sublime," she said,
"I know that all his love is mine for e'er;
"I'd trust my husband anywhere," she said—
"Unless a woman happened to be there."

S. E. KISER.

EPITAPH ON A HENPECKED SQUIRE

As Father Adam first was fooled,
(A case that's still too common),
Here lies a man a woman ruled;
The devil ruled the woman.

ROBERT BURNS.

Farewell, dear wife! my life is past;
I loved you while my life did last;
Don't grieve for me, or sorrow take
But *love my brother* for my sake.

(*In a Churchyard at Saratoga.*)

MY WIFE'S COUSIN

. . . "Mary, wife, where art thou, dearest?"
Thus I cry, while yet afar;
Ah, what scent invades my nostrils?—
'Tis the smoke of a cigar!
Instantly into the parlour
Like a maniac I haste,
And I find a young Life-Guardsman
With his arm round Mary's waist.

. . . "Fires and furies! what the blazes?"
Thus in frenzied wrath I call;

When my spouse her arm upraises
With a most astounding squall.

"Was there ever such a monster?
Ever such a wretched wife?
Oh! how long must I endure it,
How protract this hateful life?
All day long quite unprotected,
Does he leave his wife at home;
And she cannot see her cousins,
Even when they kindly come!"

. . . In fear I faintly falter
"This your cousin?—Then he's mine!
Very glad, indeed, to see you.—
Won't you stop with us and dine?"

Won't a ferret suck a rabbit?
As a thing of course he stops
And with most voracious swallow
Walks into my mutton chops.
In the twinkling of a bed-post
Is each savory platter clear,
And he shows uncommon science
In his estimate of beer.

Half and half goes down before him,
Gurgling from the pewter-pot;
And he moves a counter motion
For a glass of something hot.
Neither chops nor beer I grudge him,
Nor a moderate share of goes;
But I know not why he's always
Treading upon Mary's toes.

Evermore when home returning,
From the counting-house I come,
Do I find the young Life-Guardsman
Smoking pipes and drinking rum.

. . . . . .

Yet I know he's Mary's cousin
For my only son and heir
Much resembles that young Guardsman
With the self-same curly hair.

W. E. AYTOUN.

(Incomplete.)

CONCERNING SISTERS-IN-LAW

I

They looked so alike as they sat at their work,
(What a pity 'tis that one isn't a Turk!)
The same glances and smiles, the same habits and arts,
The same tastes, the same frocks, and (no doubt) the same hearts,
The same irresistible cut in their jibs,
The same little jokes, and the same little fibs—
That I thought the best way to get out of my pain
Was by—*heads* for Maria, and *woman* for Jane;
For hang *me* if it seemed it could matter a straw,
Which dear became wife, and which sister-in-law.

II

But now, I will own, I feel rather inclined
To suspect I've some reason to alter my mind;
And the doubt in my breast daily grows a more strong one,
That they're not *quite* alike, and I've taken the wrong one.
Jane is always so gentle, obliging, and cool;
Never calls me a monster—not even a fool;
All our little contentions, 'tis she makes them up,
And she knows how much sugar to put in my cup:—
Yes, I sometimes *have* wished—Heav'n forgive me the flaw!—
That my very dear wife was my sister-in-law.

Punch.

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket;
But dead as a door-nail: God be thankit.

OLDYS' *Collection of Epigrams.*

When Pontius wished an edict might be passed
That cuckolds should into the sea be cast,
His wife, assenting, thus replied to him:
"But first, my dear, I'd have you learn to swim."

PRIOR (?)

(Oldys' "Collection of Epigrams.")

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY

A poem, in two cantos.

Canto the First.

COURTSHIP.

Fairest of earth! if thou wilt hear my vow,
  Lo! at thy feet I swear to love thee ever;
And by this kiss upon thy radiant brow,
  Promise affection which no time shall sever;
And love which e'er shall burn as bright as now,
  To be extinguished—never, dearest, never!
Wilt thou that naughty, fluttering heart resign?
Catherine! my own sweet Kate! wilt thou be
    mine?

Thou shalt have pearls to deck thy raven hair—
  Thou shalt have all this world of ours can bring,
And we will live in solitude, nor care
  For aught save for each other. We will fling
Away all sorrow—Eden shall be there!
  And thou shalt be my queen, and I thy king!
Still coy, and still reluctant? Sweetheart say,
When shall we monarchs be? and which the day?

Canto the Second.

MATRIMONY.

Now, Mrs. Pringle, once for all, I say
  I will not such extravagance allow!
Bills upon bills, and larger every day,
  Enough to drive a man to drink, I vow!

Bonnets, gloves, frippery and trash—nay, nay,
Tears, Mrs. Pringle, will not gull me now—
I say I won't allow ten pounds a week;
I can't afford it; madam, do not speak!

In wedding you I thought I had a treasure;
I find myself most miserably mistaken!
You rise at ten, then spend the day in pleasure;—
In fact, my confidence is slightly shaken.
Ha! what's that uproar? This, ma'am, is my leisure;
Sufficient noise the slumbering dead to waken!
I seek retirement, and I find—a riot;
Confound those children, but I'll make them quiet!

Punch.

ON A SHREW

After some three-score years of caterwawling,
Here lies a shrew, stopt from above-ground bawling.
Tho' ill she liv'd, I dare not read her doom;
But sure, go where she will, she's troublesome.
I wish her, in revenge, among the blest:
For she'd as lief be damn'd, as be at rest.

OLDYS' *Collection.*

(Incomplete.)

UPON A WIFE THAT DIED MAD WITH JEALOUSY

In this little Vault she lies,
Here with all her jealousies;
Quiet yet; but if ye make
Any noise, they both will wake,
And such spirits raise, 'twill then
Trouble Death to lay again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

"The stork has brought a little peach!"
The nurse said with an air.
"I'm mighty glad," the father said,
"He didn't bring a pair."

THE SONG OF THE HUMBUGGED HUSBAND

She's not what fancy painted her—
I'm sadly taken in:
If some one else had won her, I
Should not have cared a pin.

I thought that she was mild and good
As maiden e'er could be;
I wonder how she ever could
Have so much humbugg'd me.

They cluster round and shake my hand—
They tell me I am blest:
My case they do not understand—
I think that I know best.

They say she's fairest of the fair—
They drive me mad and madder.
What do they mean by it? I swear
I only wish they had her.

'Tis true that she has lovely locks,
That on her shoulders fall;
What would they say to see the box
In which she keeps them all?

Her taper fingers, it is true,
'Twere difficult to match:
What would they say if they but knew
How terribly they scratch?

Punch.

THE ORIENTAL WAY

The fond husband will, after conjugal strife,
Kiss, forgive, weep and fall on the neck of his wife.
But Abomileque's wife other conduct may dread;
When he falls on her neck, 'tis to cut off her head.

How many there are, when a wife plays the fool,
Will argue the point with her, calmly and cool;
The bashaw, who don't relish debates of this sort,
Cuts the woman as well as the argument short.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.
("Blue Beard.")

(Incomplete.)

Father heard his children scream,
So he threw them in the stream,
Saying, as he drowned the third,
"Children should be seen, not heard!"

EPIGRAM

Tom prais'd his friend (who changed his state)
For binding fast himself and Kate
In union so divine:
"Wedlock's the end of life," he cried.
"Too true, alas!" said Jack, and sigh'd.—
—"'Twill be the end of mine."

"New Foundling Hospital for Wit." 1786.

ON A SCOLD

Here lies a woman, no man can deny it,
Who rests in peace, although she lived unquiet,
Her husband prays you, if by her grave you walk
You gently tread, for if she wake, she'll talk.

Sixteenth Century Epigram.

DUCAT'S SONG

He that weds a beauty
  Soon will find her cloy;
When pleasure grows a duty,
  Farewell love and joy:
He that weds for treasure
  (Though he hath a wife)
Hath chose one lasting pleasure
  In a married life.

JOHN GAY.
("Polly.")

EPITAPH ON THE LAP-DOG OF LADY FRAIL (Lady Vane)

At thieves I bark'd, at lovers wagg'd my tail,
And thus I pleased both Lord and Lady Frail.

WILKES.

A CATCH

Now I'm married, the priest I'll not curse;
He joins us together, for better, for worse;
But if I were single, I tell you plain,
I would be advised ere I married again.

Seventeenth Century Epigram.

Late last night I slew my wife,
Stretched her on the parquet flooring:
I was loath to take her life,
But I had to stop her snoring.

DAMARIS' SONG

When kings by their huffing
  Have blown up a squabble,
All the charge and cuffing
  Light upon the rabble.

Thus when man and wife
  By their mutual snubbing,
Kindle civil strife,
  Servants get the drubbing.

JOHN GAY.
("Polly.")

THE WISE CHILD

How plain your little darling says "Mamma,"
But still she calls you "Doctor," not "Papa."
One thing is clear: your conscientious rib
Has not yet taught the pretty dear to fib.

After LESSING.

"What? rise again with *all* one's bones,"
Quoth Giles, "I hope you fib:
I trusted, when I went to heaven,
To go without my rib."

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE PER-CONTRA, OR MATRIMONIAL BALANCE

How strange, a deaf wife to prefer!
True, but she's also dumb, good sir.

After LESSING.

This spot is the sweetest I've seen in my life,
For it raises my flowers and covers my wife.

(*From a Churchyard in Wales.*)

What servants hear and see
  Should they tattle,
Marriage all day would be
  Feuds and battle.

JOHN GAY.
("Polly.")

THE RETORT

Old Nick, who taught the village school,
  Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was stubborn as a mule,
  She was playful as a rabbit.

Poor Jane had scarce become a wife,
  Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country-polished life,
  And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
  And simple Jenny sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
  She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him!

The husband's anger rose!—and red
  And white his face alternate grew!
"Less freedom, ma'am!"—Jane sighed and said
  "Oh, dear! I didn't know 'twas you!"

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

There was a young man from Elora,
Who married a girl called Lenora,
But he had not been wed
Very long till he said,
"Oh, drat it! I've married a snorer!"

A FAREWELL TO WIVES

Once in our lives,
Let us drink to our Wives!
Though the number of them is but small.
God take the best;
And the Devil take the rest!
And so we shall be rid of them all.
ANONYMOUS. *Seventeenth Century.*

There was a young husband named Dwightly
Whose wife flirted morn, noon, and nightly:
He murmured, "Dear, dear!
I would fain interfere,
If I knew how to do it politely."

My wife is dead, and here she lies,
Nobody laughs and nobody cries:
Where she is gone to and how she fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.
(*Painswick Churchyard, near Stroud, Gloucestershire.*)

OUR FATHERS AFORE US

"If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned."

King Henry IV, Part I, Act II, Sc. iv.

OF ALL THE BIRDS THAT EVER I SEE

Of all the birds that ever I see,
The owl is the fairest in her degree;
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies she:
Te-whit te-whoo! to whom drink'st thou?
Sir Knave, to you.
This song is well sung I make you a vow,
And he is a knave that drinketh now:
Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?
Cinnamon, ginger, nutmegs, and cloves,
And that gave me my jolly red nose.

Old Catch.
Late sixteenth century.

Cast away care! he that loves sorrow
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow;
Money is trash; and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh, ho!
Play it off stiffly, we may not part so.

THOMAS DEKKER.
("The Sun's Darling.")

NOW GOD BE WITH OLD SIMEON

Now God be with old Simeon,
For he made cans for many an one;
And a good old man was he;
And Jinkin was his journeyman,
And he could tipple off every can,
And thus he said to me:
To whom drink you?
Sir Knave, to you.
Then hey ho, jolly Jinkin,
I spy a knave a drinking,
Come trowl the bowl to me.

Old Catch.
Late sixteenth century.

OLD SIMON THE KING

If a man should be drunk to-night,
And laid in his grave to-morrow,
Will you or any man say
That he died of care and sorrow?
Then hang up all sorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a cat,
And he that will drink all night
Is never afraid of that;
For drinking will make a man quaff,
And quaffing will make a man sing,
And singing will make a man laugh,
And laughing long life doth bring,
Says old Simon the King.

Considering in my mind,
I thus began to think:
If a man be full to the throat,
And cannot take off his drink,
If his drink will not go down,
He may hang up himself for shame,
So the tapster at the Crown.
Whereupon this reason I frame:
Drink will make a man drunk,
Drunk will make a man dry,
Dry will make a man sick,
And sick will make a man die,
Says old Simon the King.

If a Puritan skinker do cry,
Dear brother, it is a sin
To drink unless you be dry,
Then straight this tale I begin:
A Puritan left his can
And took him to his jug,
And there he played the man
As long as he could tug;
And when that he was spied,
Did ever he swear or rail?
No, truly, dear brother, he cried,
Indeed all flesh is frail,
Says old Simon the King.

ANONYMOUS. *Early Seventeenth Century.*

(Incomplete.)

WE BE SOLDIERS THREE

We be soldiers three,
Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie,
Lately come forth of the Low Country,
With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la. . . .

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,
Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie,
To all good fellows wherever they be,
With never a penny of money.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie,
Pays for the shot whatever it is,
With never a penny of money.

Charge it again, boy, charge it again,
Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie,
As long as there is any ink in thy pen,
With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly!

Old Catch.
Early Seventeenth Century.

We care not for money, riches, or wealth;
Old sack is our money, old sack is our health.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

OLD ROSE

Now we're met like jovial fellows,
Let us do as wise men tell us,
Sing Old Rose and burn the bellows:
Let us do as wise men tell us.

When the jowl with claret glows,
And wisdom shines upon the nose,
O then is the time to sing Old Rose,
And burn, burn, burn the bellows.

Old Song.
Mid-seventeenth century.

A CATCH ROYAL

Let the drawer run down;
We'll sit and drink the sun down:
  Here's a jolly health to the King!
Let him be confounded
And hang'd up for a Roundhead,
  That will not pledge me a spring;
Next to Lady Mary
This beer-bowl of Canary,
  I'll pledge't a carouse were it ten;
When Charles his thoughts are eased,
And his great heart appeased,
  We'll drink the sun up again.

THOMAS JORDAN.
(Died 1685.)

COME, THOU MONARCH OF THE VINE

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy vats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Then call, and drink up all,
The drawer is ready to fill:
Pox take care, what need we to spare?
My Father has made his will.

Old Catch.

DO NOTHING BUT EAT, AND MAKE GOOD CHEER

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,
For women are shrews, both short and tall;

'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, etc.

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.
Fill the cup and let it come,
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
(*Henry IV*, Pt. 2, Act V, Sc. iii.)

SONG

Drink, to-day; and drown all sorrow!
You shall, perhaps, not do't to-morrow!
Best, while you have it, use your breath!
There is no drinking after death!

Wine works the heart up! Wakes the wit!
There is no cure 'gainst Age but it!
It helps the headache, cough, and phthisic!
And is, for all diseases, physic!

Then let us swill, boys! for our health!
Who drinks well loves the commonwealth!
And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.

JOHN FLETCHER.
(From "The Bloody Brother.")

GOD LYÆUS, EVER YOUNG

God Lyæus, ever young,
Ever honoured, ever sung,
Stained with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine:
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear!

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE SECOND THREE MEN'S SONG

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed!
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Troll the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee!
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Down-adown, hey, down-adown,
Hey derry derry down-adown!
Ho! well done, to me let come,
Ring compass, gentle joy!

Troll the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee, etc.

Repeat as often as there be men to drink; and when at last all have drunk, this verse:—

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed!
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

THOMAS DEKKER.

("The Shoemaker's Holiday." Act V, Sc. iv.)

A ROUND

All

Now that the Spring hath fill'd our veins
With kind and active fire,
And made green liv'ries for the plains,
And every grove a quire:

Sing we a song of merry glee,
And Bacchus fill the bowl.
1. Then here's to thee; 2. And thou to me,
And every thirsty soul.

Nor Care nor Sorrow e'er paid debt,
Nor never shall do mine;
I have no cradle going yet,
Not I, by this good wine.

No wife at home to send for me,
  No hogs are in my ground,
No suit in law to pay a fee,
  Then round, old Jocky, round.

All

Shear sheep that have them, cry we still,
  But see that no man 'scape
    To drink of the sherry,
    That makes us so merry,
  And plump as the lusty grape.
      William Browne. (1591–1643.)

Let minions marshal every hair,
  And in a lover's lock delight,
And artificial colours wear:
  Pure wine is native red and white.

Some men want youth, and others health,
  Some want a wife, and some a punk,
Some men want wit, and others wealth,
  But they want nothing that are drunk.
      Old Song.

Come, let us drink, the time invites,
  Winter and cold weather,
For to pass away long nights
  And to keep good wits together.
      Old Song.

ALE'S A STRONG WRESTLER

Ale's a strong wrestler,
Flings all it hath met;
And makes the ground slippery,
Though it be not wet.

The whining lover that doth place
His fancy on a painted face,
And wastes his substance in the chase,
Would ne'er in melancholy pine,
Had he affections so divine,
As once to fall in love with wine . . .
Come, fill my cup until it swim
With foam that overlooks the brim.
Who drinks the deepest? *Here's to him!*

JOHN CLEVELAND.

(From "A Song of Sack.")

THE COBBLER'S CATCH

Come sit we by the fire's side
And roundly drink we here
Till that we see our cheeks ale-dyed
And noses tanned with beer.

ROBERT HERRICK

A CATCH

Drink, boys; drink, boys, and do not spare,
Trowl away the bowl, and take no care.
So that we have meat and drink, and money and
clothes,
What care we, boys, how the world goes?

Choice Drollery. 1656.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
No *Hic Jacet* be graved on my stone,
But pour o'er my coffin a bottle of red,
And write that *His Drinking Is Done.*

Old Song.

SONG

In spite of love at length I've found
A mistress that can please me,
Her humour free and unconfined
Both night and day she'll ease me.
No jealous thoughts disturb my mind,
Though she's enjoyed by all mankind;
Then drink and never spare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret! . . .

But best of all, she has no tongue,
  Submissive she obeys me,
She's fully better old than young,
  And still so smiling sways me;
Her skin is smooth, complection black,
And has a most delicious smack;
Then kiss and never spare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret!

Early Eighteenth Century.

This reading from Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany."

(Incomplete.)

IF SORROW, THE TYRANT, INVADE THE BREAST

If Sorrow, the tyrant, invade the breast,
  Haul out the foul fiend by the lug, the lug!
Let no thought of the morrow disturb your rest,
  But banish despair in a mug, a mug!

Or if thy wife prove none of the best,
  Or admits no time but to think, to think,
Or the weight of thy horns bow down thy crest,
  Divert the dull Demon with drink, with drink!

Or if thy mistress proves unworthy to thee,
  Ne'er pine, ne'er pine at the wanton pug!
But choose out a fairer and kinder than she,
  And banish despair in a mug, a mug!

Then he is an ass that seems to despair
At any coy frown of the wanton pug;
Be merry and jolly, and drown all thy care
For ever and aye, in a mug, a mug!

ANONYMOUS. *Early seventeenth century.*

(Incomplete.)

TOSS THE POT, TOSS THE POT, LET US BE MERRY

Toss the pot, toss the pot, let us be merry,
And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.

We take no thought, we have no care,
For still we spend and never spare,
Till of all money our purse is bare,
We ever toss the pot.

Chorus—

Toss the pot, toss the pot, let us be merry,
And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.

We drink, carouse with heart most free,
A hearty draught I drink to thee:
Then fill the pot again to me,
And ever toss the pot.

And when our money is all spent,
Then sell our goods and spend our rent,
Or drink it up with one consent,
And ever toss the pot.

When all is gone, we have no more,
Then let us set it on the score,
Or chalk it up behind the door,
And ever toss the pot.

And when our credit is all lost,
Then may we go and kiss the post,
And eat brown bread instead of roast,
And ever toss the pot.

Let us conclude as we began,
And toss the pot from man to man,
And drink as much now as we can,
And ever toss the pot.

Chorus—

Toss the pot, toss the pot, let us be merry,
And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.

Old Song.
Early Seventeenth Century.

THE HONEST FELLOW

Pho! Pox o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;
Their face, and their air, and their mien, what a rout!
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about!
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about!

Let finikin fops play the fool and the ape;
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape,

But we honest fellows, 'sdeath, who'd ever think
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink,
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink!

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows,
Our joys it increases and lightens our woes;
Remember what topers of old used to sing,
The man that is drunk is as great as a king,—
The man that is drunk is as great as a king!

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks,
Anacreon's cases, see page twenty-six;
The precedent's glorious, and just by my soul,
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl—
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl!

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?
My toast shall be this while I've liquor to quaff:
May mirth and goodfellowship always abound!—
Boys, fill up a Bumper and let it go round,
Boys, fill up a Bumper and let it go round!

Early Eighteenth Century.
This reading from "The Canary Bird."

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

Here's a health to the King and a lasting peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase;
Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found,
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless women-hating crew;
And they that women's health deny,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to love,
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

May love and wine their rites maintain,
And their united pleasures reign;
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

Old Song.
Early Eighteenth Century.

SONG

He that will not merry merry be
With a generous bowl and a toast,
May he in Bridewell be shut up,
And fast bound to a post,
Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here,
For who can know where we shall go
To be merry another year?

He that will not merry merry be,
And take his glass in course,
May he be obliged to drink small beer
With ne'er a groat in his purse:
Let him, etc . . .

He that will not merry merry be
With a company of jolly boys
May he be plagued with a scolding wife
To confound him with her noise.
Let him, etc. . . .

He that will not merry merry be
With his mistress in his bed,
Let him be buried in the churchyard
And me put in his stead:
Let him be merry, etc. . . .

Early Eighteenth Century or Late Seventeenth. This Reading from Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany."

THE TOPER'S PETITION

I

O grant me, kind Bacchus,
The God of the Vine,
Not a pipe nor a tun,
But an ocean of wine,
With a ship that's well manned
With such rare-hearted fellows,
Who ne'er left the tavern
For a porterly alehouse.

II

Let the ship spring a leak,
To let in the tipple,
Without pump or logboat
To save ship or people:
So that each jolly lad
May always be bound,
Or to drink, or to drink,
Or to drink, or be drowned.

III

When death does prevail,
It is my design
To be nobly entombed
In a wave of good wine:
So that living or dead,
Both body and spirit,
May float round the world
In an ocean of claret.

Early Eighteenth Century.

This Reading from Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany."

CARE DROWNED

Care! thou canker of our joys,
Now thy tyrant reign is o'er!
Fill the merry bowl, my boys!
Join in bacchanalian roar!

Seize the villain! plunge him in!
See, the hated miscreant dies!
Mirth and all thy train, come in!
Banish Sorrow, Tears, and Sighs!

O'er the flowing midnight bowls,
Oh, how happy we shall be!
Day was made for vulgar souls;
Night, my boys, for you and me!

WILLIAM GRANT.

Who dares talk of hours? Seize the bell of that clock!
Seize his hammer and cut off his hands!
To the bottle, dear bottle! I'll stick like a rock;
And obey only Pleasure's commands!

Let him strike the short hours, and hint at a bed!
Waiter, bring us more wine! What a whim!
Say, "That Time, his old master, for Topers was made;
And not jolly Topers for him!"

JOHN WOLCOT.

THE DOCTOR'S OWN

"Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell,
What is bliss, and which the way?"

Thus I spoke; and speaking sighed,
Scarce repressed the starting tear;
When the smiling sage replied—
"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

DR. SAM. JOHNSON.

What are misses, the muses, to nine mouldy casks?
Or the tea-table's splendour to splendid full flasks?
What is Pegasus good for? Yes, he shall be mine,
I'll keep him as porter to fly for my wine.
Sing tantarrara.

In daisy-decked meads, when the birds whistle round,
How shrill is their music, how simple the sound!
Give me the bell's tinkle, a fat landlord's roar,
And a good fellow's order—"Boy, six bottles more."
Sing tantarrara.

Can music or verse, love or landscape bestow
A six-bottle sound, or a six-bottle show?
Could I meet them at midnight, their bottoms I'd try,
Who first should give out, Faith, the bottles or I.
Sing tantarrara.

This tuning and piping, no longer I'll bear it,
What's all pipes of music to one pipe of claret?
By my soul, bucks, I love it, and why, would you
Drink only as I've done, you'd all love it too.
Sing tantarrara.

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEPHENS.
("The Humours of London.")

OUR LADY NICOTINE

We were sitting at chess as the sun went down;
And he, from his meerschaum's glossy brown,
With a ring of smoke made his king a crown.

The cherry stem, with its amber tip,
Thoughtfully rested on his lip,
As the goblet's rim from which heroes sip.

And, looking out through the early green
He called on his patron saint, I ween,—
That misty maiden, Saint Nicotine.

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

(From "Smoke and Chess.")

ODE TO TOBACCO

Thou who, when fears attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and Black
Care, at the horseman's back
  Perching, unseatest;
Sweet when the morn is gray;
Sweet when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
  Possibly sweetest:

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
  Not to thy credit;
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—
Useless, except to roast—
  Doctors have said it:

How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
  Meagre as lizards;
Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
  Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
  Still with their neighbours;
Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)—
Daily absorbs a clay
  After his labours.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice;
Still why deny its use
  Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are:
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
  Here's to thee, Bacon!

C. S. CALVERLEY.

"AND LIFE IS LIKE A PIPE"

And life is like a pipe,
  And love is the fusee;
The pipe draws well, but bar the light,
  And what's the use to me?

So light it up, and puff away
  An empty morning through,
And when it's out—why love is out,
  And life's as well out too!

THEO. MARZIALS.

MY LAST CIGAR

The mighty Thebes and Babylon the great,
Imperial Rome, in turn, have bowed to fate;
So this great world and each particular star
Must all burn out, like you, my last cigar;
A puff—a transient fire, that ends in smoke,
And all that's given to man—that bitter joke—
Youth, Hope, and Love, three whiffs of passing zest,
Then come the ashes, and the long, long rest.

HENRY JAMES MELLER.

THE BETROTHED

"You must choose between me and your cigar."

Open the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running cross-ways, and Maggie and I are out.

We quarrelled about Havanas—we fought o'er a good cheroot,
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a brute.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a space;
In the soft blue veil of the vapour, musing on Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a loving lass.
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a Henry Clay,
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown away—

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and brown—
But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o' the talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty—grey and dour and old—
With never another Maggie to purchase for love or gold!

And the light of Days that have Been, the dark of the Days that Are,
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the butt of a dead cigar—

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in your pocket—
With never a new one to light tho' it's charred and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider awhile—
Here is a mild Manila—there is a wifely smile.

Which is the better portion—bondage bought with a ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties fifty tied in a string?

Counsellors cunning and silent—comforters true and tried,
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of woes,
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids close.

This will the fifty give me, asking nought in return,
With only a *Suttee's* passion—to do their duty and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are spent and dead,
Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the Spanish Main,
When they hear my harem is empty, will send me my brides again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food for their mouths withal,
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the showers fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will I temper their hides,
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who read of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my choice between
The wee little whimpering Love and the great god Nick o' Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a twelvemonth clear,
But I have been Priest of Partagas a matter of seven year;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with the cheery light
Of stumps that I burned in Friendship and Pleasure and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie and I must prove,
But the only light on the marshes is the Will-o'-the-Wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or leave me bogged in a mire?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I follow the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider anew—
Old friends, and who is Maggie, that I should abandon *you?*

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke:
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first-sworn vows,
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for spouse!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Virginia for the pipe's sweet charity,
Havana for cigars to solace me;
And Turkey for the transient cigarette—
Was all I learned of my geography.

Peace to the pipe, that silent infidel,
Whose spiral twisted coils discretion spell!
How many kisses has he seen me give,
How many take—and yet he will not tell.

WALLACE IRWIN.

"SCORN NOT THE MEERSCHAUM"

Scorn not the meerschaum. Housewives, you have croaked
In ignorance of its charms. Through this small reed
Did Milton, now and then, consume the weed;
The poet Tennyson hath oft evoked

The Muse with glowing pipe, and Thackeray joked
And wrote and sang in nicotinian mood;
Hawthorne with this hath cheered his solitude;
A thousand times this pipe hath Lowell smoked;
Full oft hath Aldrich, Stoddard, Taylor, Cranch,
And many more whose verses float about,
Puffed the Virginian or Havana leaf;
And when the poet's or the artist's branch,
Drops no sustaining fruit, how sweet to pout
Consolatory whiffs, alas, too brief!

IN PRAISE OF TOBACCO

To feed on flesh is gluttony,
It maketh men fat like swine;
But is not he a frugal man
That on a leaf can dine?

He needs no linnen for to foul
His fingers' ends to wipe,
That has his kitchen in a box,
And roast meat in a pipe.

The cause wherefore few rich men's sons
Prove disputants in schools,
Is that their fathers fed on flesh.
And they begat fat fools.

This fulsome feeding cloggs the brain
And doth the stomach choak,
But he's a brave spark that can dine
With one light dish of smoak.

SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

MY AFTER-DINNER CLOUD

Some sombre evening, when I sit
And feed in solitude at home,
Perchance an ultra-bilious fit
Paints all the world an orange chrome.
When Fear, and Care, and grim Despair
Flock round me in a ghostly crowd,
One charm dispels them all in air:—
I blow my after-dinner cloud.

'Tis melancholy to devour
The gentle chop in loneliness;
I look on six—my prandial hour—
With dread not easy to express.
And yet, for every penance done,
Due compensation seems allow'd,
My penance o'er, its price is won:—
I blow my after-dinner cloud.

My clay is not a Henry Clay—
I like it better, on the whole;
And when I fill it, I can say
I drown my sorrows in the bowl.
For most I love my lowly pipe
When weary, sad, and leaden-brow'd:
At such a time behold me ripe
To blow my after-dinner cloud.

As gracefully the smoke ascends
In columns from the weed beneath,
My friendly wizard, Fancy lends
A vivid shape to every wreath.

Strange memories of life or death,
  Up from the cradle to the shroud,
Come forth as, with enchanter's breath,
  I blow my after-dinner cloud.

What wonder if it stills my care
  To quit the present for the past;
And summon back the things that were,
  Which only thus in vapour last?
What wonder if I envy not
  The rich, the giddy, and the proud,
Contented in this quiet spot
  To blow my after-dinner cloud?

HENRY S. LEIGH.

A TOAST TO TOBACCO SMOKE

A Toast—a Health, since here we are:
The glory of a sound cigar!
Another, now that here we're met:
The solace of a cigarette!
A third, since now the time is ripe:
The puffing of a fragrant pipe!
And, lastly, let this be bespoke:
The joys of good tobacco smoke!

WALLACE RICE.

MY THREE LOVES

When Life was all a summer day,
  And I was under twenty,
Three loves were scattered in my way—
  And three at once are plenty.
Three hearts, if offered with a grace,
  One thinks not of refusing,
The task in this especial case
  Was only that of choosing:
    I knew not which to make my pet—
    My pipe, cigar, or cigarette.

To cheer my night or glad my day
  My pipe was ever willing;
The meerschaum or the lowly clay
  Alike repaid the filling.
Grown men delight in blowing clouds,
  As boys in blowing bubbles,
Our cares to puff away in crowds,
  And banish all our troubles.
    My pipe I nearly made my pet,
    Above cigar or cigarette.

A tiny paper, tightly rolled
  About some Latakia,
Contains within its magic fold
  A mighty *panacea*.
Some thought of sorrow or of strife
  At ev'ry whiff will vanish;
And all the scenery of life
  Turn picturesquely Spanish.
    But still I could not quite forget
    Cigar and pipe for cigarette.

To yield an after-dinner puff
O'er *demi-tasse* and brandy,
No cigarettes are strong enough,
No pipes are ever handy.
However fine may be the feed,
It only moves my laughter
Unless a dry delicious weed
Appears a little after.
A prime cigar I firmly set
Above a pipe or cigarette.

But, after all, I try in vain
To fetter my opinion;
Since each upon my giddy brain
Has boasted a dominion.
Comparisons I'll not provoke,
Lest *all* should be offended.
Let this discussion end in smoke,
As many more have ended.
And each I'll make a special pet;
My pipe, cigar, and cigarette.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

OLD RALPH RANSOME'S HONEYDEW.

Old Ralph Ransom sailed the sea—
Sailed the whole vast ocean through—
And returning brought to me
These rare cakes of Honeydew.
Blessings on old Raleigh's head—
Though upon the block it fell—

For the knowledge he first spread
Of the herb I love so well!
'Tis a talisman defies
All that care and want can do
There are few things that I prize
Like Ralph Ransome's Honeydew!

Tell me not of lotos-plants—
How the lotos-eaters lay
Lazily in shady haunts
Dreaming all their time away!
There's a drowsier charm in this
Than in lotos;—if, indeed,
That same plant aught other is
Than the soothing Indian weed:—
Were it not, in truth then if
I were of Ulysses' crew,
I'd far rather have a whiff
Of Ralph Ransome's Honeydew!

Peace to old Ralph Ransome's bones
Wheresoever they are lain,
In some island of the zones,
In the distant Spanish main.
This Nepenthe which he brought,
Only careful memories ends—
Does not drown one kindly thought
Of my rarest of old friends.
As I muse thus, lapt in bliss,
Upwards floats the vapour blue—
The apotheosis this
Of Ralph Ransome's Honeydew!

(Incomplete.)

ON A TOBACCO JAR

Three hundred years ago or soe,
  One worthy knight and gentlemanne
Did bring me here, to charm and chere
  The physical and mental manne.
God bless his soule who filled ye bowle,
  And may our blessings find him;
That he not miss some share of blisse
  Who left soe much behind him.

BERNARD BARKER.

Tobacco, some say, is a potent narcotic
That rules half the world in a way quite despotic;
So to punish him well for his wicked and merry tricks
We'll burn him forthwith as they used to do heretics.

ANONYMOUS.

WITH PIPE AND BOOK

With Pipe and Book at close of day,
Oh, what is sweeter, mortal, say?
It matters not what book on knee,
Old Izaak or the Odyssey,
It matters not meerschaum or clay.

And though one's eyes will dream astray,
And lips forget to sue or sway,
It is "enough to merely be,"
With Pipe and Book.

What though our modern skies be gray,
As bards aver, I will not pray
For "soothing Death" to succour me,
But ask this much, O Fate, of thee,
A little longer yet to stay
With Pipe and Book.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

A BALLADE OF THE BEST PIPE

I hear you fervently extol
The virtues of your ancient clay,
As black as any piece of coal,
To me it smells of rank decay
And bones of people passed away,—
A smell I never could admire.
With all respect to you I say,
Give me a finely seasoned briar.

Poor Jones, whose judgment as a whole
Is faultless, has been led astray
To nurse a costly meerschaum bowl.
Well, let him nurse it as he may,

I hardly think he'll find it pay.
Before the colour gets much higher,
He'll drop it on the grate some day.
Give me a finely seasoned briar.

The heathen Turk of Istamboul,
In Oriental turban gay,
Delights his unregenerate soul
With hookahs, bubbling in a way
To fill a Christian with dismay,
And wake the old Crusading fire.
May no such pipe be mine I pray!
Give me a finely seasoned briar.

ENVOY

Clay, meerschaum, hookah, what are they
That I should view them with desire?
I'll sing, till all my hair is grey,
Give me a finely seasoned briar.

R. F. MURRAY.

OLD PIPE OF MINE

Ah! you have been a travelled pipe;
But now, of course, you're getting stale,
Just like myself, and rather ripe;
You've had your fill of cakes and ale,
And half-forgotten memories, too.
And all the pensive thoughts that twine
Around a past that, *entre nous,*
Has pleasant been, old pipe of mine.

Old pipe of mine, for many a year
What boon companions we have been!
With here a smile and there a tear,
How many changes we have seen!
How many hearts have ceased to beat,
How many eyes have ceased to shine,
How many friends will never meet,
Since first we met, old pipe of mine!

Though here and there the road was deep,
And now and then the rain would fall;
We managed every time to keep
A sturdy forehead to them all!
And even when she left my side,
We didn't wait to fret or pine,
Oh, no; we said the world was wide,
And luck would turn, old pipe of mine!

And it has turned since you and I
Set out to face the world alone;
And, in a garret near the sky,
Had scarce a crust to call our own,
But many a banquet, Barmecide;
And many a dream of hope divine,
Lie buried in the moaning tide,
That drowns the past, old pipe of mine!

But prosing isn't quite the thing,
And so, I guess, I'll give it up:
Just wait a moment while I sing;
We'll have another parting cup,

And then to bed. The stars are low;
  Yon sickly moon has ceased to shine;
So here she goes, and off we go,
  To Slumberland, old pipe of mine!

JOHN J. GORMLEY.

(Incomplete.)

Mortals say their hearts are light
  When the clouds around disperse;
Clouds to gather thick as night,
  Is the Smoker's universe.

From the German of BAUERNFELD.

MY MEERSCHAUMS

Long pipes and short ones, straight and curved,
  High carved and plain, dark-hued and creamy,
Slim tubes for cigarettes reserved,
  And stout ones for Havanas dreamy.

This cricket, on an amber spear
  Impaled, recalls that golden weather
When love and I, too young to fear
  Heartburn, smoked cigarettes together.

And even now—too old to take
  The little papered shams for flavour—
I light it oft for her sweet sake
  Who gave it, with her girlish favour.

And here's the mighty student bowl
  Whose tutoring in and after college
Has led me nearer wisdom's goal
  Than all I learned of text-book knowledge.

"It taught me?" Ay, to hold my tongue,
  To keep a-light, and yet burn slowly,
To break ill spells around me flung
  As with the enchanted whiff of Moly.

This nargileh, whose hue betrays
  Perique from soft Louisiana,
In Egypt once beguiled the days
  Of Tewfik's dreamy-eyed Sultana.

Speaking of colour,—do you know
  A maid with eyes as darkly splendid
As are the hues that, rich and slow,
  On this Hungarian bowl have blended?

Can artist paint the fiery glints
  Of this quaint finger here beside it,
With amber nail,—the lustrous tints,
  A thousand Partagas have dyed it?

"And this old silver patched affair?"
  Well, sir, that meerschaum has its reasons
For showing marks of time and wear;
  For in its smoke through fifty seasons

My grandsire blew his cares away!
  And then, when done with life's sojourning,
At seventy-five dropped dead one day,
  That pipe between his set teeth burning!

"Killed him?" No doubt! it's apt to kill
  In fifty years' incessant using—
Some twenty pipes a day. And still,
  On that ripe, well-filled, lifetime musing,

I envy oft so bright a part,—
  To live as long as life's a treasure;
To die of—not an aching heart,
  But—half a century of pleasure!

Well, well! I'm boring you, no doubt;
  How these old memories will undo one—
I see you've let your weed go out;
  That's wrong! Here, light yourself a new one!

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

FIDUS ACHATES

Where is my trusty old clay,
  The pipe I have puffed for years?
Broken and passed away!

Puffed it when laughing and gay,
  Puffed it when plunged in tears,
Where is my trusty old clay?

My solace by night and by day,
  Like magic it scattered my fears—
Broken and passed away!

'Twas black as the jettiest jay,
'Twas soft as the murmur of meres—
Where is my trusty old clay?

This is all that my tongue can say,
This is all that my sad soul hears—
Broken and passed away!

Here's the end of all pleasure and play,
Man's epitaph here appears:
Where is my trusty old clay?
Broken and passed away!

W. A. MACKENZIE.

A CATCH ON TOBACCO

Good, good indeed;
The herb's good weed;
Fill thy pipe, Will.
And I prithee, Sam, fill,
And yet sing still,
And yet sing still,
What say the learn'd?
What say the learn'd?
Vita fumus, vita fumus!

'Tis what you and I,
And he and I,
You, and he, and I,
And all of us *sumus.*

But then to the learned say we again,
If life's a smoke, as they maintain;
If life's a vapour without doubt,
When a man does die,
He should not cry,
That his glass is run, but his pipe is out.
But whether we smoke or whether we sing,
Let us be loyal and remember the King,
Let him live, and let his foes vanish thus, thus, thus,
Like, like a pipe, like a pipe of Spanish, thus, thus, thus,
A pipe of Spanish!

Old Song.

FROM "THE ISLAND"

Sublime Tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookers, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, yellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

LORD BYRON.

(Incomplete.)

A PIPE OF TOBACCO

The wind is loud this bleak December night,
  And moans, like one forlorn, at door and pane;
But here within my chamber warm and bright,
  All household blessings reign.

And as I sit and smoke, my eager soul
  Somewhat at times from out the Past will win,
Whilst the light cloud wreathes upwards from the bowl,
  That glows so red within.

And of the Protean shapes that curling rise,
  Fancy, godlike, so moulds and fashions each,
That dead hands live again, and kindly eyes,
  And even dear human speech. . . .

And as the witching incense round me climbs,
  I feel those wealthy summer eves once more,
When from full hearts we read our venturous rhymes,
  Or favourite poet-lore,

And, pausing, saw the still night drawing on,
  And o'er the turret-roofs, serene and clear
Within their ordered spaces, one by one,
  The solemn stars appear.

So in this odorous cloud full oft I see
  Sweet forms of tender beauty; and a tone
Steals through the echoing halls of Memory,
  That these are all my own.

ANONYMOUS.

(Incomplete.)

BREITMANN'S RAUCHLIED

Of all de dings dat mordal man,
  Ish fabrikate for gelt,
Of all de goots dat sailen ships
  Ish carry troo de welt,

Peneat de Frantsche tri-colour,
  De English Union Shack,
Or Vankeelandish stripes und stars,
  De pest ish good Taback.

Vhen heavenly smoke is roung mein nose,
  I veels all Gott-resigned:
Mit good cigars in lofely rows,
  No care ish on my mind.
Id drills mein heart to finger dem
  Vhatefer pe deir brand—
Vhere'er I finds some smoke-work—dere
  Ish Piper's Vaterland.

Vot sort of vellers can dey be,
  I dinks dir hets ish crack!
Who shbeaks me of de *pad* cigars
  Und good for nix Taback?
Dere's *some* Taback more betterer
  As oder can pe found,
Boot *pad* Taback I nefer saw
  On all Gott's garten ground.

Vot say der crate Winstruphius
  Der Danish bard sooblime:

Dat "Bacchus and Tobaccus oft
Trown oud, dry oop, your time."
If rolling vapour ofer het,
De face of heafen shrouds,
Vhy shouldt not mordal life trife on,
In wild Tobacco clouds?

Ich lieb' den Wein, ich lieb' das Bier:
Das ist ganz wohl bekannt.
I trinks mein liddle Branntewein,
Vhen mornings oop I stand;
Boot Wein I'd lose and Bier resign,
Ja—Branntewein I'd lack,
Ere in dis world I'd smokeless go,
Mitout mein rauch Taback.

So tyrannus jubeat
"Vinum dato!"—darem.
"Non amato virginem!"
Hegre non amarem,
"Meerschaum da, seu morere!"
Pertinax negarem,
"Frange meerschaum—abjice!"
Fumans expirarem.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

"KEATS TOOK SNUFF"

"Keats took snuff. . . . It has been established by the praiseworthy editorial research of Mr. Burton Forman."

So "Keats took snuff"? A few more years,
When we are dead and famous—eh?
Will they record our pipes and beers,
And if we smoked cigars or clay?
Or will the world cry "Quantum suff."
To tattle such as "Keats took snuff"?

Perhaps some chronicler would wish
To know what whisky we preferred,
And if we ever dined on fish,
Or only took the joint and bird.
Such facts are quite as worthy stuff,
Good chronicler, as "Keats took snuff."

You answer: "But, if you were Keats"—
Tut! never mind your buts and ifs,
Of little men record their meats,
Their drinks, their troubles, and their tiffs,
Of the great dead there's gold enough
To spare us such as "Keats took snuff."

Well, go your ways, you little folk,
Who polish up the great folk's lives;
Record the follies that they spoke,
And paint their squabbles with their wives.
Somewhere, if ever ghosts be gruff,
I trust some Keats will "give you snuff."

The Globe.

TO MY NOSE

Knows he that never took a pinch,
  Nosey! the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joy
  Which my nose knows?

Oh, nose! I am as fond of thee
  As any mountain of its snows!
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride
  A Roman knows!

ANONYMOUS.

A BALLADE OF TOBACCO

When verdant youth sees life afar,
  And first sets out wild oats to sow,
He puffs a stiff and stark cigar,
  And quaffs champagne of Mumm & Co.
He likes not smoking yet; but though
  Tobacco makes him sick indeed,
Cigars and wine he can't forego,—
  A slave is each man to the weed.

In time his tastes more dainty are
  And delicate. Become a beau,
From out the country of the Czar
  He brings his cigarettes, and lo!
He sips the vintage of Bordeaux.
  Thus keener relish shall succeed

The baser liking we outgrow,—
A slave is each man to the weed.

When age and his own lucky star
To him perfected wisdom show,
The schooner glides across the bar,
And beer for him shall freely flow;
A pipe with genial warmth shall glow,
To which he turns in direct need,
To seek in smoke surcease of woe,—
A slave is each man to the weed.

ENVOY

Smokers, who doubt or con or pro,
And ye who dare to drink, take heed!
And see in smoke a friendly foe,—
A slave is each man to the weed.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

SMOKE

A Post-Prandial Poem

When you're weary, night or day,
Smoke a cheery yard of clay!
When I'm smoking, jesting, joking,
There is no king half so gay.

Lying lazy, far from crowds,
Weaving hazy mental shrouds;

Watching furling smoke up whirling,
Softly curling to the clouds.

Minds are lifted from mere mirth;
Thoughts then sifted have more worth.
I am thinking, as the shrinking
Sunset, sinking, fires the earth.

Thoughts that sages may have had,
In their pages, grave and glad:
Thoughts thus seething, like smoke wreathing,
Sadness breathing, make me sad.

Cigar ended—twilight broke—
Night descended—thus I spoke:
All that's jolly, wisdom, folly,
Melancholy, end in smoke.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TOBACCO JAR

Keep me at hand; and as my fumes arise,
You'll find a jar the gates of Paradise.

COPE'S *Tobacco Plant.*

WHAT I LIKE

To lie with half-closed eyes, as in a dream,
Upon the grassy bank of some calm stream—
And smoke.

To climb with daring feet some rugged rock,
And sit aloft where gulls and curlews flock—
And smoke.

To wander lonely on the ocean's brink,
And of the good old times to muse and think—
And smoke.

To hide me in some deep and woody glen,
Far from unhealthy haunts of sordid men—
And smoke.

To linger in some fairy-haunted vale
While all about me falls the moonlight pale—
And smoke.

ANONYMOUS.

ODE TO MY CIGAR

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight.

What though they tell, with phizzes long,
My years are sooner passed?
I would reply, with reason strong,
"They're sweeter while they last."

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art
A monitor, though still;

Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart,
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth who gives
To goodness every day,
The odour of whose virtues lives
When he has passed away.

When in the lonely evening hour,
Attended but by thee,
O'er history's varied page I pore,
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft, as thy snowy column grows,
Then breaks and falls away,
I trace how mighty realms thus rose,
Thus trembled to decay.

Awhile, like thee, earth's masters burn,
And smoke and fume around,
And then like thee to ashes turn
And mingle with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled,
And time's the wasting breath,
That late or early we behold
Gives all to dusky death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe
One common doom is passed;
Sweet nature's work, the swelling globe,
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now?
A little moving heap,
That soon like thee to fate must bow,
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,
Thy essence rolls on high;
Thus, when my body must lie low,
My soul shall cleave the sky.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKE

"Ex fumo dare lucem."

The Meerschaum white, or the brown briar-root—
How many phases of life they suit!
Good luck or bad luck, glory or gloom,
All tone to one colour—take one perfume,
If you've just "struck oil," and with pride run mad,
If you haven't a sou, and are bound to the bad—
Good luck may vanish, or bad luck mend:
Put each in your pipe and smoke it, friend!

If you love a Lady fair to view,
And she turns with a cold contempt from you,
While at your rival a smile she darts—
Walking with pride on a pathway of hearts,
Wrapt in her softness, dainty and nice,
Fire in her eyes, at her bosom ice—

In search of returns precious time why spend?
Put your love in your pipe and smoke it, friend!

If you climb the ladder of politics, where
Whoso ascends breathes difficult air;
And, being highest of men of the time,
Are slightly elate with your seat sublime,
A little apt at yourself to wonder,
And mistake your own bray for real thunder;
Think how rockets rise and how sticks descend—
Put success in your pipe and smoke it, friend.

If Fame be your football, any day
A stronger player may kick it away.
Round *you* to-day lion-hunters smother;
Next week the Lion's skin goes to another.
From Popularity's box-seat hurled,
Lie still and see your successor purled.
A nine-days' wonder nine days will spend:
So put "vogue" in your pipe and smoke it, friend!

Punch.

ON A BROKEN PIPE

Neglected now it lies, a cold clay form,
So late with living inspirations warm:
Type of all other creatures formed of clay—
What more than it for Epitaph have they?

JAMES THOMSON.

INSCRIPTION FOR TOBACCO JARS

Do you recall the wondrous brazen vase,
  Fish'd up long since in an Arabian night,
Whence rose a thick columnar smoke, that was
  A fearful Djinn of more than mortal might?

I am akin to it.—Within my womb,
  Hid in the fragrant stores therein that be,
There dwells a kindly genius, that, from fume,
  Becomes to man embodied—Reverie!

A PIPE OF TOBACCO

  Let the learned talk of books,
  The glutton of cooks,
The lover of Celia's soft smack—O!
  No mortal can boast
  So noble a toast
As a pipe of accepted tobacco!

  Let the soldier for fame,
  And a general's name,
In battle get many a thwack—O!
  Let who will have most,
  Who will rule the rooste,
Give me but a pipe of tobacco.

  Tobacco gives wit
  To the dullest old cit,
And makes him of politics crack—O!

The lawyers i' the hall
Were not able to bawl,
Were it not for a whiff of tobacco.

The man whose chief glory
Is telling a story,
Had never arrived at the smack—O!
Between ever heying,
And as I was saying,
Did he not take a pipe of tobacco.

The doctor who places
Much skill in grimaces,
And feels your pulse running tic-tack—O!
Would you know his chief skill?
It is only to fill
And smoke a good pipe of tobacco.

The courtiers alone
To this weed are not prone;
Would you know what 'tis makes them so slack
—O!
'Twas because it inclined
To be honest the mind,
And therefore they banished tobacco.

HENRY FIELDING.

MÆCENAS BIDS HIS FRIEND TO DINE

I beg you come to-night and dine.
A welcome waits you, and sound wine,—
The Roederer chilly to a charm,
As Juno's breath the claret warm,

The sherry of an ancient brand.
No Persian pomp, you understand,—
A soup, a fish, two meats, and then
A salad fit for aldermen
(When aldermen, alas the days!
Were really worth their *mayonnaise*);
A dish of grapes whose clusters won
Their bronze in Carolinian sun;
Next, cheese—for you the Neufchatel,
A bit of Cheshire likes me well;
Café au lait or coffee black,
With Kirsch or Kümmel or cognac
(The German band in Irving Place
By this time purple in the face);
Cigars and pipes. These being through,
Friends shall drop in, a very few—
Shakespeare and Milton, and no more.
When these are guests I bolt the door,
With "Not at home" to any one
Excepting Alfred Tennyson.

ANONYMOUS?

THE CIGAR

Some sigh for this or that;
  My wishes don't go far;
The world may wag at will,
  So I have my cigar.

Some fret themselves to death
  With Whig and Tory jar,
I don't care which is in,
  So I have my cigar.

Sir John requests my vote,
And so does Mr. Marr;
I don't care how it goes,
So I have my cigar.

Some want a German row,
Some wish a Russian war;
I care not—I'm at peace,
So I have my cigar.

I never see the "Post,"
I seldom read the "Star";
The "Globe" I scarcely heed,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me that Bank Stock
Is sunk much under par;
It's all the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

Honours have come to men
My juniors at the Bar;
No matter—I can wait,
So I have my cigar.

Ambition frets me not,
A cab or glory's car
Are just the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

I worship no vain gods,
But serve the household Lar;
I'm sure to be at home,
So I have my cigar.

I do not seek for fame,
A general with a scar;
A private let me be
So I have my cigar.

To have my choice among
The toys of life's bazaar,
The deuce may take them all
So I have my cigar.

Some minds are often tost
By tempests like a tar;
I always seem in port,
So I have my cigar.

The ardent flame of love
My bosom cannot char,
I smoke, but do not burn,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me Nancy Low
Has married Mr. R.;
The jilt! but I can live,
So I have my cigar.

THOMAS HOOD.

MY CIGARETTE

My cigarette! The amulet
That charms afar unrest and sorrow,
The magic wand that, far beyond
To-day, can conjure up to-morrow.

Like love's desire, thy crown of fire
So softly with the twilight blending;
And ah, meseems a poet's dreams
Are in thy wreaths of smoke ascending.

My cigarette! Can I forget
How Kate and I, in sunny weather,
Sat in the shade the elm-tree made
And rolled the fragrant weed together?
I at her side, beatified
To hold and guide her fingers willing;
She rolling slow the paper's snow,
Putting my heart in with the filling.

My cigarette! I see her yet,
The white smoke from her red lips curling,
Her dreaming eyes, her soft replies,
Her gentle sighs, her laughter purling!
Ah, dainty roll, whose parting soul
Ebbs out in many a snowy billow,
I too would burn, if I could earn
Upon her lips so soft a pillow.

Ah, cigarette! The gay coquette
Has long forgot the flame she lighted;
And you and I unthinking by
Alike are thrown, alike are slighted.
The darkness gathers fast without,
A raindrop on my window plashes;
My cigarette and heart are out,
And naught is left me but the ashes.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

A BACHELOR'S INVOCATION

When all my plans have come to grief,
And every bill is due,
And every faith that's worth belief
Has proved itself untrue;
And when, as now, I've jilted been
By every girl I've met—
Ah! then I flee for peace to thee,
My darling cigarette.

Hail, sorceress! whose cloudy spells
About my senses driven,
Alone can loose their prison cells
And waft my soul to heaven.
Above all earthly loves, I swear,
I hold thee best—and yet,
Would I could see a match for thee,
My darling cigarette.

With lips unstained to thee I bring
A lover's gentle kiss,
And woo thee, see, with this fair ring,
And this, and this, and this,—
But, ah, the rings no sooner cease
(Inconstant, vain coquette!)
Than, like the rest, thou vanishest
In smoke, my cigarette.

Pall Mall Gazette.

A WINTER EVENING HYMN TO MY FIRE

Nicotia, dearer to the Muse
Than all the grape's bewildering juice,
We worship, unforbid of thee;
And as her incense floats and curls
In airy spires and wayward whirls,
Or poises on its tremulous stalk
A flower of frailest reverie,
So winds and loiters, idly free,
The current of unguided talk,
Now laughter-rippled, and now caught
In smooth dark pools of deeper thought.
Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,
A sweetly unobtrusive third . . .

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

(Incomplete.)

MY CIGAR

In spite of my physician, who is, *entre nous,* a fogy,
And for every little pleasure has some pathologic bogy,
Who will bear with no small vices, and grows dismally prophetic
If I wander from the weary way of virtue dietetic;

In spite of dire forewarnings that my brains will
all be scattered,
My memory extinguished, and my nervous sys-
tem shattered,
That my hand will take to trembling, and my heart
begin to flutter,
My digestion turn a rebel to my very bread and
butter;

As I puff this mild Havana, and its ashes slowly
lengthen,
I feel my courage gather and my resolution
strengthen:
I will smoke, and I will praise you, my cigar, and
I will light you
With tobacco-phobic pamphlets by the learned
prigs who fight you!

Let him who has a mistress to her eyebrow write
a sonnet,
Let the lover of a lily pen a languid ode upon it;
In such sentimental subjects I'm a Philistine and
cynic,
And prefer the inspiration drawn from sources
nicotinic.

So I sing of you, dear product of (I trust you
are) Havana,
And if there's any question as to how my verses
scan, a
Reason is my shyness in the Muses' aid invoking,
As, like other ancient maidens, they perchance
object to smoking.

I have learnt with you the wisdom of contemplative quiescence,
While the world is in a ferment of unmeaning effervescence,
That its jar and rush and riot bring no good one-half so sterling
As your fleecy clouds of fragrance that are now about me curling.

So, let stocks go up or downward, and let politicians wrangle,
Let the parsons and philosophers grope in a wordy tangle,
Let those who want them scramble for their dignities or dollars,
Be millionaires or magnates, or senators or scholars.

I will puff my mild Havana, and I quietly will query,
Whether, when the strife is over, and the combatants are weary,
Their gains will be more brilliant than its faint expiring flashes,
Or more solid than this panful of its dead and sober ashes.

ARTHUR W. GUNDRY.

PICTURES IN SMOKE

In a rapt, dreamy quietude I sit
  Leisurely puffing clouds from my cigar,
And down the sunbeams, with a noiseless tread,
  A throng of elves come tripping from afar.
Half consciously the fairies I invoke
To paint me pictures in the tinted smoke. . . .

How life is like this vapour! Calm-eyed Hope
  In fairy guise paints it with pictures rare,
And while we gaze and stretch out eager hands,
  Behold the phantoms vanish in the air!
Urged by a fate no pleading can revoke,
We grow old watching pictures in the smoke.

T. H. Elliot.

(Incomplete.)

LATAKIA

I

When all the panes are hung with frost,
Wild wizard-work of silver lace,
I draw my sofa on the rug,
Before the ancient chimney-place.
Upon the painted tiles are mosques
And minarets, and here and there
A blind muezzin lifts his hands,
And calls the faithful unto prayer.

Folded in idle, twilight dreams,
I hear the hemlock chirp and sing,
As if within its ruddy core
It held the happy heart of Spring.
Ferdousi never sang like that,
Nor Saadi grave, nor Hafiz gay;
I lounge, and blow white rings of smoke,
And watch them rise and float away.

II

The curling wreaths like turbans seem
Of silent slaves that come and go,—
Or Viziers, packed with craft and crime,
Whom I behead from time to time,
With pipe-stem, at a single blow.
And now and then a lingering cloud
Takes gracious form at my desire,
And at my side my lady stands;
Unwinds her veil with snowy hands,—
A shadowy shape, a breath of fire!

O Love, if you were only here
Beside me in this mellow light,
Though all the bitter winds should blow,
And all the ways be choked with snow,
'Twould be a true Arabian night!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

SWEET SMOAKING PIPE

Sweet smoaking Pipe, bright-glowing Stove,
  Companion still of my Retreat,
Thou dost my gloomy Thoughts remove,
  And purge my Brain with gentle Heat.

Tobacco, Charmer of my Mind,
  When, like the Meteor's transient Gleam,
Thy Substance gone to Air I find,
  I think, alas, my Life's the same!

What else but lighted Dust am I?
  Thou shew'st me what my Fate will be;
And when my sinking Ashes die,
  I learn that I must end like thee.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SMOKER'S CALENDAR

When January's cold appears,
A glowing pipe my spirit cheers;
And still it glads the length'ning day
'Neath February's milder sway.
When March's keener winds succeed,
What charms me like the burning weed?
When April mounts his solar car,
I join him, puffing a cigar;
And May, so beautiful and bright,
Still finds the pleasing weed a-light.

To balmy zephyrs it gives rest
When June in gayest livery's drest.
Through July, Flora's offspring smile,
But still Nicotia's can beguile;
And August, when its fruits are ripe,
Matures my pleasure in a pipe.
September finds me in the garden,
Communing with a long churchwarden.
Even in the wane of dull October
I smoke my pipe and sip my "robar."
November's soaking show'rs require
The smoking pipe and blazing fire.
The darkest day in drear December's—
That's lighted by their glowing embers.

ANONYMOUS.

INTER SODALES

Over a pipe the Angel of Conversation
Loosens with glee the tassels of his purse,
And, in a fine spiritual exaltation,
Hastens, a very spendthrift, to disburse
The coins new minted of imagination.

An amiable, a delicate animation
Informs our thought, and earnest we rehearse
The sweet old farce of mutual admiration
Over a pipe.

Heard in this hour's delicious divagation,
How soft the song! the epigram how terse!

With what a genius for administration
We rearrange the rambling universe,
And map the course of man's regeneration,
Over a pipe.

1875. W. E. Henley.

MEERSCHAUM

Come to me, O my meerschaum,
For the vile street-organs play,
And the torture they're inflicting
Will vanish quite away.

I open my study window
And into the twilight peer,
And my anxious eyes are watching
For the man with my evening beer.

In one hand is the shining pewter,
All amber the ale doth glow;
In t'other are long "church-wardens"
As spotless and pure as snow.

Ah, what would the world be to us
Tobaccoless?—Fearful bore!
We should dread the day after to-morrow
Worse than the day before.

As the elephant's trunk to the creature,
Is the pipe to the man, I trow;
Useful and meditative
As the cud to the peaceful cow.

So to the world is smoking;
Through that we feel with bliss
That, whatever worlds come after,
A jolly old world is this.

Come to me, O my meerschaum,
And whisper to me here,
If you like me better than coffee,
Than grog, or the bitter beer.

Oh, what are our biggest winnings,
If peaceful content we miss?
Though fortune may give us an innings,
She seldom conveys us bliss.

You're better than all the fortunes
That ever were made or broke;
For a penny will always fill you
And buy me content with a smoke.

ANONYMOUS.

SMOKE IS THE FOOD OF LOVERS

When Cupid open'd shop, the trade he chose
Was just the very one you might suppose.
Love keep a shop?—his trade, oh! quickly name!
A dealer in tobacco—fie, for shame!
No less than true, and set aside all joke,
From oldest time he ever dealt in smoke;
Than smoke, no other thing he sold, or made;
Smoke all the substance of his stock in trade;

His capital all smoke, smoke all his store,
'Twas nothing else; but lovers ask no more—
And thousands enter daily at his door!
Hence it was ever, and it e'er will be
The trade most suited to his faculty:
Fed by the vapours of their heart's desire,
No other food his votaries require;
For that they seek—the favour of the fair—
Is unsubstantial as the smoke and air.

JACOB CATS, *Trans. by* RICHARD PIGOT.

THE INDIAN WEED

This Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
  Shows thy decay;
  All flesh is hay:
    Thus think, and drink tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak;
  Thou art e'en such,—
  Gone with a touch:
    Thus think, and drink tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
  Of worldly stuff,
  Gone with a puff:
    Thus think, and drink tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin;
For then the fire
It does require:
Thus think, and drink tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away,
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
That to the dust
Return thou must:
Thus think, and drink tobacco.

ANONYMOUS.

ON RECEIPT OF A RARE PIPE

I lifted off the lid with anxious care,
Removed the wrappages, stripe after stripe,
And when the hidden contents were laid bare,
My first remark was: "Mercy, what a pipe!"

A pipe of symmetry that matched its size,
Mounted with metal bright,—a sight to see;
With the rich amber hue that smokers prize,
Attesting both its age and pedigree.

A pipe to make the royal Friedrich jealous,
Or the great Teufelsdröckh with envy gripe!
A man should hold some rank above his fellows
To justify his smoking such a pipe!

What country gave it birth? What blest of cities
Saw it first kindle at the glowing coal?

What happy artist murmured, "Nunc dimittis,"
When he had fashioned this transcendent bowl?

Has it been hoarded in a monarch's treasures?
Was it a gift of peace, or prize of war?
Did the great Khalif in his "House of Pleasures"
Wager and lose it to the good Zaafar?

It may have soothed mild Spenser's melancholy,
While musing o'er traditions of the past,
Or graced the lips of brave Sir Walter Raleigh,
Ere sage King Jamie blew his *"Counterblast."*

Did it, safe hidden in some secret cavern,
Escape that monarch's pipoclastic ken?
Has Shakespeare smoked it at the Mermaid Tavern,
Quaffing a cup of sack with rare old Ben?

Ay, Shakespeare might have watched his vast creations
Loom through its smoke,—the spectre-haunted Thane,
The Sisters at their ghostly invocations,
The jealous Moor, and melancholy Dane.

Round its orbed haze and through its mazy ringlets,
Titania may have led her elfin rout,
Or Ariel fanned it with his gauzy winglets,
Or Puck danced in the bowl to put it out.

Vain are all fancies,—questions bring no answer;
The smokers vanish, but the pipe remains;

He were indeed a subtle necromancer,
  Could read their records in its cloudy stains.

Nor this alone. Its destiny may doom it
  To outlive e'en its use and history;
Some ploughman of the future may exhume it
  From soil now deep beneath the Eastern sea.

And, treasured by some antiquarian Stultus,
  It may to gaping visitors be shown
Labelled: "The symbol of some ancient cultus
  Conjecturally Phallic, but unknown."

Why do I thus recall the ancient quarrel
  'Twixt Man and Time, that marks all earthly
    things?
Why labour to re-word the hackneyed moral
  Ὡς φύλλων γενεή, as Homer sings?

For this: Some links we forge are never broken;
  Some feelings claim exemption from decay;
And Love, of which this pipe is but the token,
  Shall last, though pipes and smokers pass away.

ANONYMOUS.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,

Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate;
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill-fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height'ning steam
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express

(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist doth show us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What this deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou mayst raise
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Canst not life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The Old World was sure forlorn
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant; only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,

The reformèd god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume,
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite—
Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prosper'd who defamed thee;
Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplex'd lovers use
At a need when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;

And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamore,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more,
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe,—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or as men, constrain'd to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.

But as she who once hath been
A king's consort is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,
Though a widow or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys,
Where, though I by sour physician
Am debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife,
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces,
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB.

SWEET CONTENT

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
Give a man a book he can read;
And his home is bright with a calm delight,
Though the room be poor indeed.

JAMES THOMSON.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA

As I sat at the café I said to myself,
They may talk as they please about what they
call pelf,
They may sneer as they like about eating and
drinking,
But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money. . . .

They may talk as they please about what they
call pelf,
And how one ought never to think of one's-self,
How pleasures of thought surpass eating and
drinking,
My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of think-
ing
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money. . . .

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH.

(Incomplete.)

A little health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom,
With some few friends for certain ends
And little cause to need 'em.

A MORALITY

Of all the meals that ever were
(My stormful youth's conclusion this is)
None for a minute will compare
With one of bread and cheese and kisses.

Ah me! Across the sundering seas
The summer twinkles with the swallow.
Well, well!—a crust of bread and cheese?
With pleasure—and a pipe to follow.
1877. W. E. HENLEY.

YOUTH AND AGE

Youth hath many charms,—
Hath many joys and much delight;
Even its doubts, and vague alarms,
By contrast make it bright:
And yet—and yet—forsooth,
I love Age as well as Youth!

Well, since I love them both,
The good of both I will combine,—
In women I will look for Youth,
And look for Age in wine:
And then—and then—I'll bless
This twain that gives me happiness!
GEORGE ARNOLD.

A THANKSGIVING

I thank thee, Earth, for water good,
The sea's great bath of buoyant green
Or the cold mountain torrent's flood,
That I may keep this body clean.

I thank thee more for goodly wine,
That wise as Omar I may be,
Or Horace when he went to dine
With Lydia or with Lalage.

BLISS CARMAN.

No one bull-dog yet could eat
Any other bull-dog's meat;
If you have a good-sized bone,
Let the other dog alone.

CHANNING.

OLD SONG

'Tis a dull sight
To see the year dying,
When winter winds
Set the yellow wood sighing:
Sighing, O sighing.

When such a time cometh
  I do retire
Into an old room
  Beside a bright fire:
    O pile a bright fire! . . .

Then with an old friend
  I talk of our youth—
How 'twas gladsome, but often
  Foolish, forsooth:
    But gladsome, gladsome! . . .

Then go we smoking,
  Silent and snug:
Naught passes between us
  Save a brown jug—
    Sometimes!

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

(Incomplete.)

More luck to honest poverty,
  It claims respect and a' that;
But honest wealth's a better thing,
  We dare be rich for a' that.
    For a' that, and a' that,
    And sponey cant and a' that,
  A man may have a ten-pun note
    And be a brick for a' that.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

(Incomplete.)

PROCUL NEGOTIIS

I think that if I had a farm,
I'd be a man of sense;
And if the day was bright and warm
I'd sit upon the fence,
And calmly smoke a pensive pipe
And think about my pigs;
And wonder if the corn was ripe;
And counsel *l'homme qui* digs.

And if the day was wet and cold,
I think I should admire
To sit and dawdle over old
Montaigne before the fire;
And pity boobies who could lie
And squabble just for pelf;
And thank my blessed stars that I
Was nicely fixed myself.

E. S. Martin.

FRIAR'S SONG

I am a friar of orders gray,
And down the valleys I take my way;
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,—
Good store of venison fills my scrip;

My long bead-roll I merrily chant;
Where'er I walk no money I want;
And why I'm so plump the reason I tell,—
Who lives a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

After supper of heaven I dream,
But that is a pullet and clouted cream;
Myself, by denial, I mortify—
With a dainty bit of a warden pie;
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin,—
With old sack wine I'm lined within;
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding dong.
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

JOHN O'KEEFE.
("Robin Hood.")

TO RICHARD WATSON GILDER

(*With a Volume of Verses.*)

Old friends are best! And so to you
Again I send, in closer throng,
No unfamiliar shapes of song,
But those that once you liked and knew.

You surely will not do them wrong;
For are you not an old friend, too?—
Old friends are best.

Old books, old wine, old Nankin blue;—
All things, in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace that Time makes strong,—
All these I prize, but (*entre nous*)
Old friends are best!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

FRIAR'S SONG

Some love the matin-chimes, which tell
The hour of prayer to sinner:
But better far's the mid-day bell,
Which speaks the hour of dinner;
For when I see a smoking fish,
Or capon drowned in gravy,
Or noble haunch of silver dish,
Full glad I sing my Ave.

My pulpit is an alehouse bench,
Whereon I sit so jolly;
A smiling rosy country wench
My saint and patron holy.
I kiss her cheek so red and sleek,
I press her ringlets wavy,
And in her willing ear I speak
A most religious Ave.

And if I'm blind, yet Heaven is kind,
And holy saints forgiving;

For sure he leads a right good life
Who thus admires good living.
Above, they say, our flesh is air,
Our blood celestial ichor:
Oh, grant! 'mid all the changes there,
They may not change our liquor!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

(Imitated from the French of Béranger.)

In the evening, I sit near my poker and tongs,
And I dream in the firelight's glow,
And sometimes I quaver forgotten old songs
That I listened to long ago.
Then out of the cinders there cometh a chirp
Like an echoing, answering cry,—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket and I.

For my cricket has learnt, I am sure of it quite,
That this earth is a silly, strange place,
And perhaps he's been beaten and hurt in the fight,
And perhaps he's been passed in the race.
But I know he has found it far better to sing
Than to talk of ill luck and to sigh,—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket and I.

Perhaps he has loved, and perhaps he has lost,
And perhaps he is weary and weak,

And tired of life's torrent, so turbid and tost,
And disposed to be mournful and meek.
Yet still I believe that he thinks it is best
To sing, and let troubles float by,—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket and I.

In childhood's unsuspicious hours
The fairies crowned my head with flowers.

She smiled and said my song was sweet.
Youth came: I lay at Beauty's feet;

Then age: and, Love no longer mine,
My brows I shaded with the vine,

With flowers and love and wine and song,
O Death! life hath not been too long.

W. J. LINTON.

DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE!

"For God's sake, a pot of small ale."—The Taming of the Shrew.

GOOD AND BAD LUCK

After Heine.

Good luck is the gayest of all gay girls,
  Long in one place she will not stay,
Back from your brow she strokes the curls,
  Kisses you quick and flies away.

But Madame Bad Luck soberly comes
  And stays,—no fancy has she for flitting,—
Snatches of true love-songs she hums,
  And sits by your bed, and brings her knitting.

JOHN HAY.

COMPLEYNTE TO HIS PURSE

To you, my purse, and to none other wight,
Complain I, for ye be my lady dere;
I am sorry now that ye be light,
For, certes, ye now make me heavy chere;
Me were as lefe be laid upon a bere,
For which unto your mercy thus I crie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafe this day, or it be night,
That I of you the blissful sowne may here,
Or see your color like the sunne bright,
That of yellowness had never pere;
Ye are my life, ye be my hertes stere,
Queen of comfort and of good companie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now purse, thou art to me my lives light,
And saviour, as downe in this world here,
Out of this towne helpe me by your might,
Sith that you will not be my treasure,
For I am slave as nere to any frere,
But I pray unto your courtesie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

By a Miserable Wretch.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer tooth-ache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind!
Roll on! (*It rolls on.*)

W. S. GILBERT.

ALL IN THE DOWNS

"Had I a little son, I would christen him 'Nothing-to-do.'"

CHARLES LAMB.

I would I had something to do—or to think!
Or something to read, or to write!
I am rapidly verging on lunacy's brink,
Or I shall be dead before night.

In my ears has been ringing and droning all day,
Without ever a stop or a change,
That poem of Tennyson's—heart-cheering lay!—
Of the moated monotonous Grange!

The stripes in the carpet and paper alike
I have counted, and counted all through,
And now I've a fervid ambition to strike
Out some path of wild pleasure that's new.

They say, if a number you count, and recount,
That the time imperceptibly goes,—
Ah! I wish—how I wish!—I'd ne'er learnt the amount
Of my aggregate fingers and toes.

"Enjoyment is fleeting," the proverbs all say,
"Even that which it feeds upon fails."
I've arrived at the truth of the saying to-day,
By devouring the whole of my nails.

I have numbered the minutes so heavy and slow,
Till of that dissipation I tire,
And as for exciting amusements,—you know
One can't *always* be stirring the fire.

THOMAS HOOD.

BEHOLD THE DEEDS

(Chant Royal)

I would that all men my hard case might know;
How grievously I suffer for no sin:
I, Adolphe Culpepper Furguson, for lo!
I, of my landlady, am lockèd in,
For being short on this sad Saturday,
Nor having shekels of silver wherewith to pay;
She has turned and is departed with my key;
Wherefore, not even as other boarders free,
I sing (as prisoners to their dungeon stones
When for ten days they expiate a spree):
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

One night and one day have I wept my woe;
Nor wot I when the morrow doth begin,
If I shall have to write to Briggs & Co.,
To pray them to advance the requisite tin
For ransom of their salesman, that he may
Go forth as other boarders go alway—
As those I hear now flocking from their tea,
Led by the daughter of my landlady
Piano-ward. This day for all my moans
Dry bread and water have been servèd me.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

Miss Amabel Jones is musical, and so
The heart of the young he-boardèr doth win,
Playing "The Maiden's Prayer," *adagio*—
That fetcheth him, as fetcheth the banco skin
The innocent rustic. For my part, I pray:
That Badaijewska maid may wait for aye
Ere she sits with a lover, as did we
Once sit together, Amabel! Can it be
That all that arduous wooing not atones
For Saturday shortness of trade dollars three?
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

Yea! she forgets the arm was wont to go
Around her waist. She wears a buckle whose pin
Galleth the crook of the young man's elbòw;
I forget not, for I that youth have been.
Smith was aforetime the Lothario gay.
Yet once, I mind me, Smith was forced to stay
Close in his room. Not calm, as I, was he;

But his noise brought no pleasaunce, verily.
Small ease he gat of playing on the bones,
Or hammering on his stove-pipe, that I see.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

Thou for whose fear the figurative crow
I eat, accursed be thou and all thy kin!
Thee will I show up—yea, up will I show
Thy too thick buckwheats and thy tea too thin.
Ay! here I dare thee, ready for the fray!
Thou dost *not* "keep a first-class house," I say!
It does not with the advertisements agree.
Thou lodgest a Briton with a puggaree,
And thou hast harboured Jacobses and Cohns,
Also a Mulligan. Thus denounce I thee!
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

Envoy.

Boarders! the worst I have not told to ye:
She hath stolen my trousers, that I may not flee
Privily by the window. Hence these groans,—
There is no fleeing in a *robe de nuit.*
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

EPIGRAM

I have lost my mistress, horse and wife,
And when I think of human life,
Cry mercy 'twas no worse.
My mistress sickly, poor and old,

My wife damn'd ugly, and a scold,—
I am sorry for my horse.
The New Foundling Hospital for Wit. 1786.

FUIT ILIUM

Ere you dissipate a quarter
Do you scrutinize it twice?
Have you ceased to look on water-
Drinking as a nauseous vice?
Do you wear your brother's breeches,
Though the buttons scarcely meet?
Does the vanity of riches
Form no part of your conceit?

I am with you, fellow pauper!
Let us share our scanty crust—
Burst the bonds of fiscal torpor—
Go where beer is sold on trust!
Let us, freed from *res angustae,*
Seek some fair Utopian mead
Where the throat is never dusty,
And tobacco grows, a weed.

E. S. Martin.

(Incomplete.)

TO CRITICS

When I was seventeen I heard
From each censorious tongue,
"I'd not do that if I were you;
You see you're rather young."

Now that I number forty years,
I'm quite as often told
Of this or that I shouldn't do
Because I'm quite too old.

O carping world! If there's an age
Where youth and manhood keep
An equal poise, alas! I must
Have passed it in my sleep.

WALTER LEARNED.

IF I SHOULD DIE

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die to-night,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,
I say, if I should die to-night
And you should come to me, and there and then
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.

BEN KING.

At three-score winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad,
The nuptial knot I never tied
And wish my father never had.

COWPER (*After the Greek*).

HIS EPITAPH

Life is a jest; and all things show it,
I thought so once; but now I know it.

JOHN GAY.

THE ROAD

I came to a roadside dwelling,
With great eaves low and wide,
Asking my way to the village,
And they bade me step inside.

Welcome and cheer they gave me,—
Were comrades loving and strong;
And they bade me wait for supper,
But I could not stay so long.

BLISS CARMAN.

SEA FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely
sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer
her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the
white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey
dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of
the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white
clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and
the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant
gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the
wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing
fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long
trick's over.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

FROM ROMANY TO ROME

Upon the road to Romany
  It's stay, friend, stay!
There's lots o' love and lots o' time
  To linger on the way;
Poppies for the twilight,
  Roses for the noon,
It's happy goes as lucky goes
  To Romany in June.

But on the road to Rome—oh
  It's march, man, march!
The dust is on the chariot-wheels,
  The sere is on the larch;
Helmets and javelins
  And bridles flecked with foam,—
The flowers are dead, the world's ahead
  Upon the road to Rome.

But on the road to Rome—ah
  It's fight, man, fight!
Footman and horseman
  Treading left and right,
Camp-fires and watch-fires
  Ruddying the gloam—
The fields are grey and worn away
  Along the road to Rome.

Upon the road to Romany
  It's sing, boys, sing!
Though rag and pack be on our back
  We'll whistle at the King.

Wine is in the sunshine,
  Madness in the moon,
And de'il may care the road we fare
  To Romany in June.

Along the road to Rome, alas!
  The glorious dust is whirled,
Strong hearts are fierce to see
  The City of the World;
Yet footfall or bugle-call
  Or thunder as ye will,
Upon the road to Romany
  The birds are calling still!

WALLACE IRWIN.

WANDERTHIRST

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
And East and West the wanderlust that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-bye!
For the seas call and the stars call, and oh, the call of the sky.

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,
But man can have the sun for friend, and for his guide a star;

And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh, the call of a bird.

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, and the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road and the sky.

GERALD GOULD.

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too:

A shadowy highway cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill;

The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood,—
A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through,—

Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of a bird;

The resonant far-listening morn,
And the hoarse whisper of the corn;

The crickets mourning their comrades lost,
In the night's retreat from the gathering frost;

(Or is it their slogan, plaintive and shrill,
As they beat on their corselets, valiant still?)

A hunger fit for the kings of the sea,
And a loaf of bread for Dickon and me;

A thirst like that of the Thirsty Sword,
And a jug of cider on the board;

An idle noon, a bubbling spring,
The sea in the pine-tops murmuring;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry;
A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Asking nothing, revealing naught,
But minting his words from a fund of thought,

A keeper of silence eloquent,
Needy, yet royally well content,

Of the mettled breed, yet abhorring strife,
And full of the mellow juice of life,

A taster of wine, with an eye for a maid,
Never too bold, and never afraid,

Never heart-whole, never heart-sick,
(These are the things I worship in Dick)

No fidget and no reformer, just
A calm observer of ought and must,

A lover of books, but a reader of man,
No cynic and no charlatan,

Who never defers and never demands,
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands,—

Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of his will for law.

And O the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun,

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,

Delusion afar, delight anear,
From morrow to morrow, from year to year,

A jack-o'-lantern, a fairy fire,
A dare, a bliss, and a desire!

The racy smell of the forest loam,
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home;

(O leaves, O leaves, I am one with you,
Of the mould and the sun and the wind and the dew!)

The broad, gold wake of the afternoon;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon;

The sound of the hollow sea's release
From stormy tumult to starry peace;

With only another league to wend;
And two brown arms at the journey's end!

These are the joys of the open road—
For him who travels without a load.

BLISS CARMAN.

THE OLD SONG

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green:
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away!
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down:
Creep home and take your place there
The spent and maim'd among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young!

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again,
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie:
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavour
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure:

There is nothing sweet in the city
  But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh! the little hands too skilful,
  And the child mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown wilful,
  And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! From the street's rude bustle,
  From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
  And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
  And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a toiler dies in a day.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS!

"Ha! Ha! A mad world, a mad world!"
Mad Simon Eyre, Lord Mayor of London.

QUINTETTE FROM "THE GONDOLIERS"

Try we life-long, we can never
  Straighten out life's tangled skein,
Why should we, in vain endeavour,
  Guess and guess and guess again?
    Life's a pudding full of plums,
    Care's a canker that benumbs.
Wherefore waste our elocution
On impossible solution?
Life's a pleasant institution,
  Let us take it as it comes!

Set aside the dull enigma,
  We shall guess it all too soon;
Failure brings no kind of stigma—
  Dance we to another tune!
    String the lyre and fill the cup,
    Lest on sorrow we should sup.
Hop and skip to Fancy's fiddle,
Hands across and down the middle—
Life's perhaps the only riddle
  That we shrink from giving up.

W. S. GILBERT.

IF

If life were never bitter
  And love were always sweet,
Then who would care to borrow
A moral from to-morrow,—
If Thames would always glitter
  And joy would ne'er retreat,
If life were never bitter,
  And love were always sweet.

If care were not the waiter
  Behind a fellow's chair,
When easy-going sinners
Sit down to Richmond dinners,
And life's swift stream flows straighter—
  By Jove it would be rare,
If care were not the waiter
  Behind a fellow's chair.

If wit were always radiant,
  And wine were always iced,
And bores were kicked out straightway
Through a convenient gateway;
Then down the years' long gradient
  'Twere sad to be enticed,
If wit were always radiant,
  And wine were always iced.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

("The Owl.")

FROM THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

XXVI

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopp'd with Dust.

XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

XXVIII

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I come like Water, and like Wind I go."

XXIX

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

XXX

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence?*
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

XXXI

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

XXXII

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

XXXIII

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the Sleeve of Night and Morn.

LXV

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
They told their comrades, and to Sleep return'd.

LXVIII

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

LXIX

But helpless Pieces of the Game he plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LXX

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows!

LXXI

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

LXXII

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for It
As impotently moves as you or I.

LXXIII

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LXXXII

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

LXXXIII

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

LXXXIV

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

LXXXV

Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
And He that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

LXXXVI

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

LXXXVII

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Súfi pipkin—waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me, then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

LXXXVIII

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well!"

LXXXIX

"Well," murmured one, "let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by."

XC

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
The little Moon look'd in that all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother!
Brother!
Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

XCVI

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

XCVIII

Would but some wingéd Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

XCIX

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

Translation of EDWARD FITZGERALD.

PLAYS

Alas, how soon the hours are over
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands! beside,
How long the audience sit before us:
How many prompters, what a chorus!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

SOME HALLUCINATIONS

He thought he saw an Elephant
  That practised on a fife;
He looked again and found it was
  A letter from his wife.
"At length I realize," he said,
  "The bitterness of Life."

He thought he saw a Buffalo
  Upon the Chimneypiece:
He looked again and found it was
  His Sister's Husband's Niece.
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
  "I'll send for the Police!"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
  That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again and found it was
  The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
  "Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
  Descending from the 'bus:
He looked again and found it was
  A Hippopotamus.
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
  "There won't be much for us."

"LEWIS CARROLL."

THE CHAUNT OF THE BRAZEN HEAD

I think, whatever mortals crave,
With impotent endeavour,—
A wreath, a rank, a throne, a grave,—
The world goes round for ever;
I think that life is not too long;
And therefore I determine,
That many people read a song
Who will not read a sermon. . . .

I think the studies of the wise,
The hero's noisy quarrel,
The majesty of Woman's eyes,
The poet's cherished laurel,
And all that makes us lean or fat,
And all that charms or troubles,—
This bubble is more bright than that,
But still they are all bubbles. . . .

I think that friars and their hoods,
Their doctrines and their maggots,
Have lighted up too many feuds,
And far too many faggots:
I think, while zealots fast and frown,
And fight for two or seven,
That there are fifty roads to town,
And rather more to Heaven. . . .

I think the Pope is on his back;
And, though 'tis fun to shake him,
I think the Devil not so black
As many people make him. . . .

I think that Love is like a play,
  Where tears and smiles are blended,
Or like a faithless April day,
  Whose shine with shower is ended:
Like Colnbrook pavement, rather rough,
  Like trade, exposed to losses,
And like a Highland plaid,—all stuff,
  And very full of crosses.

I think the world, though dark it be,
  Has aye one rapturous pleasure
Conceal'd in life's monotony,
  For those who seek the treasure;
One planet in a starless night,
  One blossom on a briar,
One friend not quite a hypocrite,
  One woman not a liar! . . .

I think that some have died of drought,
  And some have died of drinking;
I think that naught is worth a thought,—
  And I'm a fool for thinking!

W. M. Praed.

(Incomplete.)

Man's a poor deluded Bubble,
  Wandering in a mist of lies;
Seeing false or seeing double,
  Who would trust to such weak eyes?

Robert Dodsley.

REPLY TO A LETTER

. . . . . .

Ah, vain regret! to few, perchance,
Unknown, and profitless to all;
The wisely-gay, as years advance,
Are gaily-wise. Whate'er befall,
We'll laugh at folly, whether seen
Beneath a chimney or a steeple;
At yours, at mine—our own, I mean,
As well as that of other people.

They cannot be complete in aught
Who are not humorously prone,—
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone.
To say I hate your dismal men
Might be esteemed a strong assertion;
If I've blue devils now and then,
I make them dance for my diversion.

. . . . . .

FREDERICK LOCKER.

(Incomplete.)

THE WORLD

This is the best world that we live in,
To lend, and to spend, and to give in;
But to borrow, to beg, or to get a man's own,
It is the worst world that ever was known.

OLDYS' *Collection of Epigrams.*

THE LITTLE MAN

A little man dwelt in a little town
A little over twenty years ago:
He gained a little portion of renown
Within the little crowd he used to know.
He wed a little maid when he was twenty-one,
And later on they had a little son.

This little man had little to regret
He had but little patience with the weak,
When others fell his eyes were never wet,
With sinners he had but little time to speak,
Instead he went to church a little late,
And dropped a little nickel in a little plate.

He drank a little coffee now and then,
But little stronger liquor passed his lips;
He mingled little with Bohemian men:
Life's wine he drank in stingy little sips.
When stragglers came to him for food or bed,
With little pain he shook his little head.

He made a little fortune rapidly,
By grinding labour out of little arms,
And by foreclosing a variety
Of little mortgages on little farms.
He died—and 'neath the weeping willow bough
A little worm is working on him now.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE LEAN FELLOW

"And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors."

THOMAS DEKKER.

KING DEATH

King Death was a rare old fellow!
  He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
  And poured out his coal black wine.
    Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a Maiden,
  Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And widows, with grief o'er-laden,
  For a draught of his sleepy wine.
    Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

The Scholar left all his learning;
  The Poet his fancied woes;
And the Beauty, her bloom returning
  As the beads of the black wine rose.
    Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

All came to the royal old fellow,
  Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
  And pledged them in Death's black wine.
    Hurrah! Hurrah!
    Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

"Barry Cornwall."
(Bryan Waller Procter.)

ON JOHN DOVE
INNKEEPER OF MAUCHLINE

Here lies Johnny Pidgeon;
What was his religion?
  Wha e'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
  For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane!

Strong ale was ablution—
Small beer, persecution,
  A dram was *memento mori:*
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
  And port was celestial glory.

ROBERT BURNS.

ANACREONTIC

Born I was to be old,
  And for to die here;
After that, in the mould
  Long for to lie here.
But before that day comes,
  Still I be Bousing;
For I know in the Tombs
  There's no Carousing.

ROBERT HERRICK.

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL

Start not—nor deem my spirit fled:
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaffed like thee;
I died; let earth my bones resign;
Fill up—thou canst not injure me;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of Gods, than reptiles' food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst: another race,
When thou and thine, like me, are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce;
Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

LORD BYRON.

A CATCH

A Fig for care, why should we spare,
The Parish is bound to find us,
For thou and I and all must die
And leave the world behind us.

The Clerk shall sing, the Bells shall ring,
And the Old Wives wind us;
Sir John shall lay our bones in clay
Where nobody means to find us.

Merry Drollery. 1691.

When Father Time swings round his scythe,
Intomb me 'neath the bounteous vine,
So that its juices red and blythe,
May cheer these thirsty bones of mine.

EUGENE FIELD.

JOHNNIE DOW'S EPITAPH

Wha lies here?
I, Johnnie Dow.
Hoo, Johnnie, is that you?
Ay, mon, but I'm dead now.

GEORGE DENHAM

Here lies the body of Geordie Denham,
If ye saw him now ye wadna ken him.

ANACREONTIC ON THE DEATH OF SIR HARRY BELLENDINE

Ye sons of Bacchus, come and join
In solemn dirge, while tapers shine
Around the grape-embossed shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Pour the rich juice of Bordeaux wine,
Mixed with your falling tears of brine,
In just libations o'er the shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Your brows let ivy chaplets twine,
While you push round the sparkling wine,
And let your table be the shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

LORD MIDDLESEX.

He went: the morning twinkled dim;
I woke, and lay a while abed
Thinking what I would say to him.
Then I remembered he was dead.

The Spectator (London).

FIDELE

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
  Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
  To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
  Nor the all-dreaded thunderstone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
  Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Naught, I hear thee say,
  Can fill the greedy eye:
Yet a little clay
  Will fill it bye-and-bye.

Persian Epigram.

A little work, a little play
To keep us going, and so—good day!

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing, and so—good night!

A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing, and so—good morrow.

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! And so—good-bye!
Old French Song. DU MAURIER'S *Translation.*

FROM THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

VIII

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

IX

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

XV

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVI

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

XVII

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

XVIII

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

XXII

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath pressed,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

XXIII

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
  Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

XXIV

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
  Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans
    End!

XL

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,
  Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.

XLI

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
  And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

XLII

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;
  Think then you are To-day what Yester-
    day
You were—To-morrow you shall not be less.

XLIII

So when that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

XLIV

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?

XLV

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;
The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

XLVI

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account and mine, should know the like no more;
The Eternal Sákí from that Bowl has poured
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

XLVII

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

XLVIII

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reached
The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make haste!

LXIII

Oh, threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

LXIV

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

XCI

Ah, with the Grape my fading life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

XCII

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

C

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again——
How oft hereafter shall she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

CI

And when, like her, Oh Sákí, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass.

Translation of EDWARD FITZGERALD.

This lesson oft in life I sing,
And from my grave I still shall cry,
Drink, mortal, drink, while time is young,
Ere death has made thee old as I.

THOMAS MOORE.

BIBO AND CHARON

When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat; and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon replied:
You may have forgot, you were drunk when you died.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

ON A FOOL

Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men called him DICKY PEARCE;
His folly served to make folks laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.
Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone—
What signifies to cry!
Dickys enough are still behind,
To laugh at by-and-by.

(*Berkeley Churchyard.*)

SMITH OF MAUDLIN

My chums will burn their Indian weeds
The very night I pass away,
And, cloud-propelling, puff and puff
As white the thin smoke melts away;
Then Jones of Wadham, eyes half-closed,
Rubbing the ten hairs on his chin,
Will say, "This very pipe I use
Was poor old Smith's of Maudlin."

That night in High Street there will walk
The ruffling gownsmen three abreast,
The stiff-necked proctors, wary-eyed,
The dons, the coaches, and the rest:
Sly "Cherub Sims" will then propose
Billiards, or some sweet ivory sin;
Tom cries, "He played a pretty game—
Did honest Smith of Maudlin."

The boats are out!—the arrowy rush,
The mad bull's jerk, the tiger's strength;
The Balliol men have wopped the Queen's—
Hurrah!—but only by a length.
Dig on, ye muffs, ye cripples, dig!
Pull blind, till crimson sweats the skin!
The man who bobs and steers cries, "Oh,
For plucky Smith of Maudlin."

Wine parties met—a noisy night;
Red sparks are breaking through the cloud;
The man who won the silver cup
Is in the chair erect and proud.
Three are asleep—one to himself
Sings, "Yellow jacket's sure to win."
A silence:—"Men, the memory
Of poor old Smith of Maudlin!"

The boxing rooms: With solemn air
A freshman dons the swollen glove;
With slicing strokes the lapping sticks
Work out a rubber—three and love;
With rasping jar the padded man
Whips Thompson's foil so square and thin,
And cries, "Why, zur, you've not the wrist
Of Muster Smith of Maudlin."

But all this time beneath the sheet
I shall lie still and free from pain,
Hearing the bed-makers sluff in
To gossip round the blinded pane;
Try on my rings, sniff up my scent,
Feel in my pockets for my tin:

While one hag says, "We all must die,
Just like this Smith of Maudlin."

Ah! Then a dreadful hush will come,
And all I hear will be the fly
Buzzing impatient round the wall,
And on the sheet where I must lie;
Next day a jostling of feet—
The men who bring the coffin in:—
"This is the door—the third pair back—
Here's Mr. Smith of Maudlin."

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY.

HIS WINDING-SHEET

Come thou, who art the Wine and wit
Of all I've writ:
The Grace, the Glory, and the best
Piece of the rest.
Thou art of what I did intend
The All and End.
And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee my sheet.
Come then, and be to my chaste side
Both Bed and Bride.
We two (as Relics left) will have
One Rest, one Grave.
And, hugging close, we will not fear
Lust entering here:
Where all Desires are dead, or cold
As is the mould:

And all Affections are forgot,
Or trouble not.
Here, here the Slaves and Prisoners be
From Shackles free:
And Weeping Widows long oppressed
Do here find rest.
The wronged Client ends his Laws
Here, and his Cause:
Here those long suits of Chancery lie
Quiet, or die:
And all Star-chamber-Bills do cease,
Or hold their peace.
Here needs no Court for our Request,
Where all are best;
All wise; all equal; and all just
Alike i' th' dust.
Nor need we here to fear the frown
Of Court, or Crown.
Where Fortune bears no sway o'er things,
There all are Kings.
In this securer place we'll keep,
As lulled asleep;
Or for a little time we'll lie,
As Robes laid by;
To be another day re-worn,
Turned, but not torn:
Or like old Testaments ingrost,
Lock'd up, not lost:
And for a while lie here conceal'd;
To be reveal'd
Next, at that great Platonic year,
And then meet here.

ROBERT HERRICK.

EPITAPH

Hic jacet John Shorthose
Sine hose, *sine* shoes, *sine* breeches,
Qui fuit dum vixit, sine goods,
Sine lands, *sine* riches.

IN MEMORIAM: TAMMY MESSER

Here lies the banes of Tammy Messer,
Of tarry woo' he was a dresser;
He had some faults and mony merits
And died of drinking ardent spirits.

EPITAPH

After Reading Ronsard's
Lines from Rabelais.

If fruits are fed on any beast
Let vine-roots suck this parish priest,
For while he lived, no summer sun
Went up but he'd a bottle done,
And in the starlight beer and stout
Kept his waistcoat bulging out.

Then Death that changes happy things
Damned his soul to water springs.

JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE.

Awhile with joy the scene is crown'd,
Awhile the catch and toast go round;
And when the full carouse is o'er,
Death puffs the lights and shuts the door.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

ARMSTRONG'S GOODNIGHT

This night is my departing night;
For here nae langer must I stay!
There's neither friend, nor foe, o' mine,
But wishes me away.

What I have done thro' lack of wit
I never, never can recall!
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet;
Good Night! and joy be with you all!

THOMAS ARMSTRONG.

A MISCELLANY

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things."

TEACUP BRINDISI

Eat, drink and be gay,
  Banish all worry and sorrow;
Laugh gaily to-day,
  Weep, if you're sorry, to-morrow!
Come, pass the cup round—
  I will go bail for the liquor;
It's strong, I'll be bound,
  For it was brewed by the vicar!

Chorus

None so knowing as he
At brewing a jorum of tea,
    Ha! Ha!
A pretty stiff jorum of tea!

Pain, trouble, and care,
  Misery, heart-ache and worry,
Quick, out of your lair!
  Get you all gone in a hurry!
Toil, sorrow, and plot,
  Fly away quicker and quicker—
Three spoons to the pot—
  That is the brew of your vicar!

Chorus

None so cunning as he
At brewing a jorum of tea,
Ha! Ha!
A pretty stiff jorum of tea!

W. S. GILBERT.
("The Sorcerer.")

Here's to the four hinges of Friendship—
Swearing, Lying, Stealing and Drinking.
When you swear, swear by your country;
When you lie, lie for a pretty woman,
When you steal, steal away from bad company,
And when you drink, drink with me.

WINE

I love Wine! Bold bright Wine!
That biddeth the manly Spirit shine!
Others may care
For water fare;
But give *me*—Wine!

Ancient Wine! Brave old Wine!
How it around the heart doth twine!
Poets may love
The stars above;
But *I* love—Wine.

Nought but Wine! Noble Wine,
Strong, and sound, and old, and fine.
What can scare
The Devil Despair
Like brave bright Wine?

O brave Wine! Rare old Wine!
Once thou wast deemed a God divine!
Bad are the rhymes
And bad the times,
That scorn old Wine.

So, brave Wine! Dear old Wine!
Morning, noon, and night I'm thine!
Whatever may be,
I'll stand by thee,
Immortal Wine!

"BARRY CORNWALL."
(BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.)

CHAMPAGNE ROSÉE

Lily on liquid roses floating—
So floats yon foam o'er pink champagne:
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
And prove that ruby main,
And float away on wine!

Those seas are dangerous (greybeards swear)
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim;
And true it is they drown Old Care—
But what care we for him,
So we but float on wine?

And true it is they cross in pain
  Who sober cross the Stygian ferry:
But only make our Styx champagne,
  And we shall cross right merry,
    Floating away on wine!

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,
  Then gaily row his boat from shore;
While we and every jovial fellow,
  Hear unconcern'd the oar
    That dips itself in wine!

JOHN KENYON.

NOW I'M RESOLVED TO LOVE NO MORE

Now I'm resolved to love no more,
  But sleep by night, and drink by day;
Your coyness, Chloris, pray give o'er,
  And turn your tempting eyes away.
From ladies I'll withdraw my heart,
And fix it only on the quart.

I'll place no happiness of mine
  A puling beauty still to court,
And say she's glorious and divine,
  The vintner makes the better sport;
And when I say, my dear, my heart,
I only mean it to the quart.

Love has no more prerogative
  To make me desperate courses take,
Nor me t' an hermitage shall drive,
  I'll all my vow to th' goblet make;

And if I wear a capuchoone,
It shall a tankard be or none.

'Tis wine alone that cheers the soul,
But love and ladies make us sad;
I'm merry when I court the bowl,
While he that courts the madam's mad:
Then ladies, wonder not at me,
For you are coy, but wine is free.

ALEXANDER BROME.

THREE TIMES THREE

In his last binn Sir Peter lies,
Who knew not what it was to frown:
Death took him mellow, by surprise,
And in his cellar stopped him down.
Thro' all our land we could not boast
A knight more gay, more prompt than he,
To rise and fill a bumper toast,
And pass it round with three times three.

None better knew the feast to sway,
Or keep mirth's boat in better trim;
For nature had but little clay
Like that of which she moulded him.
The meanest guest that graced his board
Was there the freest of the free,
His bumper toast when Peter poured,
And passed it round with three times three.

He kept at true good humour's mark
  The social flow of pleasure's tide;
He never made a brow look dark,
  Nor caused a tear, but when he died.
No sorrow round his tomb should dwell:
  More pleased his gay old ghost would be,
For funeral song and passing bell,
  To hear no sound but three times three.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

Once a Frenchman who'd promptly said "Oui"
To some ladies who'd asked him if houi
  Cared to drink, threw a fit
  Upon finding that it
Was a tipple no stronger than toui.

CONCERNING I AND NON-I

Now brim your glass and plant it well
  Beneath your nose on the table,
And you will find what philosophers tell
  Of I and non-I is no fable.
    Now listen to wisdom, my son!
      Myself am the subject,
      This wine is the object;
      These things are two;
      But I'll prove to you
    That subject and object are one.

I take this glass in my hand, and stand
Upon my legs, if I can,
And look and smile, benign and bland,
And feel that I am a man.
Now stretch all the strength of your brains!
I drink—and the object
Is lost in the subject;
Making one entity
In the identity
Of me and the wine in my veins!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Let wine, gay comrades, be the food we're fed upon;—
Our amber cheeks its ruby light to shed upon!
Wash us in't, when we die; and let the trees
Of our vineyards yield the bier that we lie dead upon!

DANGERS

If from man's vile arts I flee
And at the pump drink water free,
Observe what happens unto me!

I gulp down infusoriæ
And quarts of raw bacteria
And hideous rotatoriæ
And wriggling polygastricæ
And slimy diatomaceæ

And hard-shelled ophryocercinæ
And double-barrelled colpodæ,
Non-loricated amboedæ,
And assorted animalcula,
Of middle, high, and low degree.

For when it comes to adulteration
Of every sort and kind and station
Dame Nature just beats all creation.

ANONYMOUS.

Saint Patrick was a gentleman,
Who through strategy and stealth,
Drove all the snakes from Ireland—
Here's a bumper to his health.
But not too many bumpers,
Lest we lose ourselves, and then
Forget the good Saint Patrick
And see the snakes again.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

'Twas but a month ago to-day,
'Twixt the old year and the new,
I laid my pipe and pouch away,
No more to smoke or chew;
To round my resolutions fair,
And from all vices sever,
I vowed I never more would swear,
Not even hardly ever.

I felt so lonesome-like, anon,
While pining for a smoke,
That, brooding all my grief upon,
An oath was almost spoke;
An oath! When I had just forsworn
All words that vicious be!
Nay, rather than be tempted more,
Return, O pipe, to me!

And pondering on the habit vile
That threatened moral ruin,
I drifted with a bitter smile
Back to my pouch and chewin';
So, of my resolutions, two
Have vanished in the air,
The third shall stick my lifetime through,
For, —— me, I'll not swear.

EUGENE FIELD.

ON A CARRIER WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier who carried his can to his mouth well;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more—so was carried at last;
For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not carry off—so he's now carrion.

LORD BYRON.

DEAR JACK

Dear Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I
fill,
And drink to the health of Sweet Nan of the Hill,
Was once Tommy Tosspot's, as jovial a sot
As e'er drew a spigot, or drain'd a full pot—
In drinking all round 'twas his joy to surpass,
And with all merry tipplers he swigged off his
glass.

One morning in summer, while seated so snug,
In the porch of his garden, discussing his jug,
Stern Death, on a sudden, to Tom did appear,
And said, "Honest Thomas, come take your last
bier."
We kneaded his clay in the shape of this can,
From which let us drink to the health of my Nan.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WITH A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES

Fair empress of the poet's soul,
And queen of poetesses,
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in this generous toast:
"The whole of human kind!"

"To those who love us!"—second fill;
But not to those whom we love,
Lest we love those who love not us.
A third: "To thee and me, love!"

Long may we live! long may we love!
And long may we be happy!
And may we never want a glass
Well charged with generous nappy!

ROBERT BURNS.

FRAGMENT OF OLDE STUFFE

Oh, heavy clouds have hid the mellow sun
Full hopelessly;
The tired year's creaking course is all but run,
The were-wolf howl of chill blasts has begun;
Life's joy doth vanish (when the summer's done)—
Full hopelessly.

. . . . . .

So deem not me as wicked, wild, or rude
(—Full hopelessly—)
If guides me on this melancholy mood,
I barter cash for what some imp has brewed,
And, sprawling by my hearth-fire, get quite stewed—
Full:—hopelessly.

JAMES A. BRILL.

EPITAPH

Beneath these stones repose the bones
  Of Theodosius Grim:
He took his beer from year to year,
  And then the bier took him.

BEER

A man to whom illness was chronic,
When told that he needed a tonic,
  Said, "Oh, Doctor, dear,
  Won't you please make it beer?"
"No, no," said the Doc, "that's Teutonic."

A rheumatic old man of White Plains,
Who will never stay in when it rains,
  Has a home full of drugs,
  Kept in little brown jugs—
That's all that he gets for his pains.

TAKE WARNING FROM THIS

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute:
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dominy eighteen forty.
(*From a tombstone in Connecticut.*)

When Maids live to thirty, yet never repented;
When all Europe's at peace, and all England contented;
When no Gamester will swear, and no bribery thrives;
Young wives love old husbands, young husbands, old wives;
When Landlords love taxes, and Soldiers love peace;
And Lawyers forget a rich client to fleece;
When an old face shall please as well as a new;
Wives, Husbands, and Lovers will ever be true!

When Bullies leave huffing, and Cowards their trembling;
And Courtiers, and Women, and Priests, their dissembling;
When these shall do nothing against what they teach,
Pluralities hate; and we mind what they preach;
When Vintners leave brewing, to draw the wine pure;
And Quacks, by their medicines, kill less than they cure;
When an old face shall please as well as a new;
Wives, Husbands, and Lovers will ever be true.

GEORGE POWELL.

To-day we'll haste to quaff our wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
We'll haste to quaff our wine again.

The Frenchman loves his native wine,
  The German loves his beer,
The Englishman his 'arf and 'arf
  Because it brings good cheer;
The Scotchman loves his whiskey straight,
  Because it brings on dizziness;
The American has no choice at all—
  He drinks the whole damned business.

Here's to turkey when you are hungry,
  Champagne when you are dry,
A pretty girl when you need her,
  And heaven when you die.

Here's to the girl I love,
  I wish that she were nigh;
If drinking beer would bring her here,
  I'd drink the damn place dry.

Wash me when dead in the juice of the vine, dear friends!
Let your funeral service be drinking and wine, dear friends!
And if you would meet me again when the Doomsday comes,
Search the dust of the tavern, and sift from it mine, dear friends!

'"A wet night maketh a dry morning,"
Quoth Hendyng, "rede ye right;
And the cure most fair is the self-same hair
Of the dog that gave the bite."'

PUNDERSON.

A NAVAL TOAST

To our noble commander,
To his honour and wealth:
May he drown and be damned
That refuses the health!

From an Old Naval Ballad.

He is not drunk who, from the floor,
Can rise again and drink some more;
But he is drunk who prostrate lies,
And cannot drink or cannot rise.

EUGENE FIELD.

He that drinks is immortal
For wine still supplies
What age wears away;
How can he be dust
That moistens his clay?

H. PURCELL.

I'll feast you with my rhymes no more,
When once I cease to tipple;
Whene'er you bar the cellar door,
My Muse becomes a cripple.

HUGH CROMPTON.

EATING SONG

Oh! carve me yet another slice,
O help me to more gravy still,
There's naught so sure as something nice
To conquer care, or grief to kill.

I always loved a bit of beef,
When Youth and Bliss and Hope were mine;
And now it gives my heart relief
In sorrow's darksome hour—to dine!

Punch.

Here's to those who love us,
And here's to those who don't,
A smile for those who are willing to,
And a tear for those who won't.

Here is a riddle most abstruse:
Canst read the answer right?
Why is it that my tongue grows loose
Only when I grow tight?

CHAMPAGNE

Here's to champagne, the drink divine,
That makes us forget our troubles;
It's made of a dollar's worth of wine
And three dollars' worth of bubbles.

Come, my old friend, and take a pot,
But mark now what I say:
Whilst thou drinkest thy neighbour's health,
Drink not thy own away.

THE NIGHT BEFORE AND THE MORNING AFTER

A gilded mirror, a polished bar—
A million of glasses, straws in a jar:
A kind-faced young man, all dressed in white—
That's my recollection of last Night!

The streets were dingy, and far too long,
Gutters sloppy, policemen strong:
A slamming of doors in a sea-going hack—
That's my recollection of getting back!

The stairs were narrow and hard to climb,
So I rested often, I had *lots* of time:

An awkward key-hole, a mis-placed chair—
Told the folks plainly that I was there:

A heated interior, a revolving bed,
A sea-sick man with an awful head:
Whiskey, beer, gin, booze galore,
Was introduced to the cuspidor:

And with morning came bags of ice
So very essential to this life of vice;
And when with these I had cooled my throbbing brain,
Did I swear off and quit? No, I got soused again!

Drink to fair woman, who, I think,
Is most entitled to it,
For if anything ever can drive me to drink,
She certainly could do it.

"B. JABEZ JENKINS."

IS IT REALLY WORTH WHILE?

Sometimes, Old Pal, in the morning
When the dawn is cold and grey,
And I lie in the perfumed feathers,
Thinkin' thoughts I dare not say—
Then I think of the stunts of the night before
And I smile with a feeble smile—
And say to myself for the hundredth time,
"Is it really worth the while?"

Then I pick up the morning paper
And I see where some saintly man,
Who never was "soused" in all his life—
Who never said "hell" nor "damn,"—
Who never stayed up till the wee small hours,
Nor jollied a gay soubrette,
But preached on the evils of drinkin',
The cards and the cigarette:—

"Cut off in the prime of a useful life,"
The headlines glibly say,—
Or, "Snatched by the Grim Reaper Death,
"He has crossed the Great Highway!"
They bury him deep and a few friends weep,
And the world moves on with a sigh,
And the saintly man is forgotten soon—
Even as you and I!

Then I say to myself, "Well, Bill, Old Scout,
When you come to take the jump—
When you reach the place where the best and the worst
Must bump the Eternal Bump:—
You can smile to yourself and chuckle,
Though the path be exceedingly hot—
While you were on earth you were going some,
Now is that an unholy thought?

Then I arise and attach a cracked-ice-band
To the crown of my battered hat,
And saunter forth for a cold gin-fizz—
She's a great old world at that!—
And I go on my way rejoicing,

What's the use to sob or sigh?
"Go the route, Old Scout, and be merry—
For to-morrow you may die!"

ANONYMOUS.

Here's to the girl who is mine—all mine.
She drinks and she bets, and she smokes cigarettes,
And sometimes, I am told, she goes out and forgets
—That she's mine—all mine!

THE END

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